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# HOMeward BOUND:

OR,

## THE CHASE.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "THE SPY," ETC.

"Is't not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne?"

SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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## PREFACE.

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IN one respect, this book is a parallel to Franklin's well-known apologue of the hatter and his sign. It was commenced with a sole view to exhibit the present state of society in the United States, through the agency, in part, of a set of characters with different peculiarities, who had freshly arrived from Europe, and to whom the distinctive features of the country would be apt to present themselves with greater force, than to those who had never lived beyond the influence of the things portrayed. By the original plan, the work was to open at the threshold of the

country, or with the arrival of the travellers at Sandy Hook, from which point the tale was to have been carried regularly forward, to its conclusion. But a consultation with others has left little more of this plan than the hatter's friends left of his sign. As a vessel was introduced in the first chapter, the cry was for "more ship," until the work has become "all ship;" it actually closing at, or near, the spot where it was originally intended it should commence. Owing to this diversion from the author's design—a design that lay at the bottom of all his projects—a necessity has been created of running the tale through two separate works, or of making a hurried and insufficient conclusion. The former scheme has, consequently, been adopted.

It is hoped that the interest of the narrative will not be essentially diminished by this arrangement.

There will be, very likely, certain imagi-



native persons, who will feel disposed to deny that every minute event mentioned in these volumes ever befel one and the same ship, though ready enough to admit that they may very well have occurred to several different ships; a mode of commenting that is much in favour with your small critic. To this objection, we shall make but a single answer. The caviller, if any there should prove to be, is challenged to produce the log-book of the Montauk, London packet, and if it should be found to contain a single sentence to controvert any one of our statements or facts, a frank recantation shall be made. Captain Truck is quite as well known in New York as in London or Portsmouth, and to him also we refer with confidence, for a confirmation of all we have said, with the exception perhaps of the little occasional touches of character that may allude directly to himself. In relation to the latter, Mr. Leach, and particularly Mr.

Saunders, are both invoked as unimpeachable witnesses.

Most of our readers will probably know that all which appears in a New York journal is not necessarily as true as the Gospel. As some slight deviations from the facts accidentally occur, though doubtless at very long intervals, it should not be surprising that they sometimes omit circumstances that are quite as veracious as anything they do actually utter to the world. No argument, therefore, can justly be urged against the incidents of this story, on account of the circumstance of their not being embodied in the regular marine news of the day.

Another serious objection on the part of the American reader to this work is foreseen. The author has endeavoured to interest his readers in occurrences of a date as antiquated as two years can make them, when he is quite aware, that, in order to keep pace with a

state of society in which there was no yesterday, it would have been much safer to anticipate things, by laying his scene two years in advance. It is hoped, however, that the public sentiment will not be outraged by this glimpse at antiquity, and this the more so, as the sequel of the tale will bring down events within a year of the present moment.

To commence with the most important : the Montauk herself, once deemed so “splendid” and convenient, is already supplanted in the public favour by a new ship ; the reign of a popular packet, a popular preacher, or a popular anything-else, in America, being limited by a national *esprit de corps*, to a time materially shorter than that of a lustre. This, however, is no more than just ; rotation in favour being as evidently a matter of constitutional necessity, as rotation in office.

Captain Truck, for a novelty, continues

popular, a circumstance that he himself ascribes to the fact of his being still a bachelor.

Toast is promoted, figuring at the head of a pantry quite equal to that of his great master, who regards his improvement with some such eyes as Charles the Twelfth of Sweden regarded that of his great rival Peter, after the affair of Pultowa.

Mr. Leach now smokes his own cigar, and issues his own orders from a monkey rail, his place in the line being supplied by his former "Dickey." He already speaks of his great model, as of one a little antiquated, it is true, but as a man who had merit in his time, though it was not the particular merit that is in fashion to-day.

Notwithstanding these little changes, which are perhaps inseparable from the events of a period so long as two years in a country so energetic as America, and in which nothing

seems to be stationary but the ages of Tontine nominees, and three-life leases, a cordial esteem was created among the principal actors in the events of this book, which is likely to outlast the passage, and which will not fail to bring most of them together again in the sequel.

APRIL, 1838.





# HOMeward BOUND.

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## CHAPTER I.

An inner room I have,  
Where thou shalt rest and some refreshment take,  
And then we will more fully talk of this.

ORRA.

THE coast of England, though infinitely finer than our own, is more remarkable for its verdure, and for a general appearance of civilisation, than for its natural beauties. The chalky cliffs may seem bold and noble to the American, though compared to the granite piles that buttress the Mediterranean they are but mole-hills; and the travelled eye seeks beauties instead, in the retiring vales, the leafy hedges, and the clustering towns that dot the teeming island. Neither is Portsmouth a very

favourable specimen of a British port, considered solely in reference to the picturesque. A town situated on a humble point, and fortified after the manner of the Low Countries, with an excellent haven, suggests more images of the useful than of the pleasing; while a background of modest receding hills offers little beyond the verdant swales of the country. In this respect England itself has the fresh beauty of youth, rather than the mellowed hues of a more advanced period of life; or it might be better to say, it has the young freshness and retiring sweetness that distinguish her females, as compared with the warmer tints of Spain and Italy, and which, women and landscape alike, need the near view to be appreciated.

Some such thoughts as these passed through the mind of the traveller who stood on the deck of the packet *Montauk*, resting an elbow on the quarter-deck rails, as he contemplated the view of the coast that stretched before him east and west for leagues. The manner in which this gentleman, whose temples were

sprinkled with grey hairs, regarded the scene, denoted more of the thoughtfulness of experience, and of tastes improved by observation, than it is usual to meet amid the bustling and common-place characters that compose the majority in almost every situation of life. The calmness of his exterior, an air removed equally from the admiration of the novice and the superciliousness of the tyro, had, indeed, so strongly distinguished him from the moment he embarked in London to that in which he was now seen in the position mentioned, that several of the seamen swore he was a man-of-war's-man in disguise. The fair-haired, lovely, blue-eyed girl at his side, too, seemed a softened reflection of all his sentiments, intelligence, knowledge, tastes and cultivation, united to the artlessness and simplicity that became her sex and years.

"We have seen nobler coasts, Eve," said the gentleman, pressing the arm that leaned on his own; "but, after all, England will always be fair to American eyes."

"More particularly so if those eyes first

opened to the light in the eighteenth century, father."

"You, at least, my child, have been educated beyond the reach of national foibles, whatever may have been my own evil fortune; and still, I think even you have seen a great deal to admire in this country, as well as in this coast."

Eve Effingham glanced a moment towards the eye of her father, and perceiving that he spoke in playfulness, without suffering a cloud to shadow a countenance that usually varied with her emotions, she continued the discourse, which had, in fact, only been resumed by the remark first mentioned.

"I have been educated, as it is termed, in so many different places and countries," returned Eve, smiling, "that I sometimes fancy I was born a woman, like my great predecessor and namesake, the mother of Abel. If a congress of nations, in the way of masters, can make one independent of prejudice, I may claim to possess the advantage.

My greatest fear is, that in acquiring liberality, I have acquired nothing else."

Mr. Effingham turned a look of parental fondness, in which parental pride was clearly mingled, on the face of his daughter, and said with his eyes, though his tongue did not second the expression, "This is a fear, sweet one, that none besides thyself would feel."

"A congress of nations, truly!" muttered another male voice near the father and daughter. "You have been taught music in general, by seven masters of as many different statès; besides the touch of the guitar by a Spaniard; Greek by a German; the living tongues by the European powers, and philosophy by seeing the world; and now, with a brain full of learning, fingers full of touches, eyes full of tints, and a person full of graces, your father is taking you back to America, to 'waste your sweetness on the desert air.'"

"Poetically expressed, if not justly imagined, Cousin Jack," returned the laughing

Eve; "but you have forgot to add, and a heart full of feeling for the land of my birth."

"We shall see, in the end."

"In the end, as in the beginning, now and for evermore."

"All love is eternal in the commencement."

"Do you make no allowance for the constancy of woman? Think you that a girl of twenty can forget the country of her birth, the land of her forefathers—or, as you call it yourself when in a good humour, the land of liberty?"

"A pretty specimen *you* will have of its liberty!" returned the cousin sarcastically. "After having passed a girlhood of wholesome restraint in the rational society of Europe, you are about to return home to the slavery of American female life, just as you are about to be married!"

"Married! Mr. Effingham?"

"I suppose the catastrophe will arrive, sooner or later; and it is more likely to occur to a girl of twenty than to a girl of ten."



“ Mr. John Effingham never lost an argument for the want of a convenient fact, my love,” the father observed by way of bringing the brief discussion to a close. “ But here are the boats approaching; let us withdraw a little, and examine the chance-medley of faces with which we are to become familiar by the intercourse of a month.”

“ You will be much more likely to agree on a verdict of murder,” muttered the kinsman.

Mr. Effingham led his daughter into the hurricane-house—or, as the packet-men quaintly term it, the *coach*-house, where they stood watching the movements on the quarter-deck for the next half-hour; an interval of which we shall take advantage to touch in a few of the stronger lights of our picture, leaving the softer tints and the shadows to be discovered by the manner in which the artist “ tells the story.”

Edward and John Effingham were brothers' children; were born on the same day; had passionately loved the same woman, who had

preferred the first-named, and died soon after Eve was born ; had, notwithstanding this collision in feeling, remained sincere friends, and this the more so, probably, from a mutual and natural sympathy in their common loss ; had lived much together at home, and travelled much together abroad, and were now about to return in company to the land of their birth, after what might be termed an absence of twelve years ; though both had visited America for short periods in the intervals,—John not less than five times.

There was a strong family likeness between the cousins, their persons and even features being almost identical ; though it was scarcely possible for two human beings to leave more opposite impressions on mere casual spectators when seen separately. Both were tall, of commanding presence, and handsome ; while one was winning in appearance, and the other, if not positively forbidding, at least distant and repulsive. The noble outline of face in Edward Effingham had got to be cold severity in that of John ; his aquiline nose

seeming to possess an eagle-like and hostile curvature,—his compressed lip, sarcastic and cold expression—and the fine classical chin—a feature in which so many of the Saxon race fail—a haughty scorn that caused strangers usually to avoid him. Eve drew with great facility and truth, and she had an eye, as her uncle had rightly said, “full of tints.” Often and often had she sketched both of these loved faces, and never without wondering wherein that strong difference existed in nature which she had never been able to impart to her drawings. The truth is, that the subtle character of John Effingham’s face would have puzzled the skill of one who had made the art his study for a life, and it utterly set the graceful but scarcely profound knowledge of the beautiful young painter at defiance. All the points of character that rendered her father so amiable and winning, and which were rather felt than perceived, in his cousin were salient and bold, and, if it may be thus expressed, had become indurated by mental suffering and disappointment.

The cousins were both rich, though in ways as opposite as their dispositions and habits of thought. Edward Effingham possessed a large hereditary property, that brought a good income, and which attached him to this world of ours by kindly feelings towards its land and waters; while John, much the wealthier of the two, having inherited a large commercial fortune, did not own ground enough to bury him. As he sometimes deridingly said, he "kept his gold in corporations, that were as soulless as himself."

Still, John Effingham was a man of cultivated mind, of extensive intercourse with the world, and of manners that varied with the occasion; or perhaps it were better to say, with his humours. In all but the latter particular the cousins were alike; Edward Effingham's deportment being as equal as his temper, though also distinguished for a knowledge of society.

These gentlemen had embarked at London, on their fiftieth birthday, in the packet of the 1st of October, bound to New York; the

lands and family residence of the proprietor lying in the state of that name, of which all of the parties were natives. It is not usual for the cabin passengers of the London packets to embark in the docks; but Mr. Effingham,—as we shall call the father in general, to distinguish him from the bachelor, John,—as an old and experienced traveller, had determined to make his daughter familiar with the peculiar odours of the vessel in smooth water, as a protection against sea-sickness; a malady, however, from which she proved to be singularly exempt in the end. They had, accordingly, been on board three days, when the ship came to an anchor off Portsmouth, the point where the remainder of the passengers were to join her on that particular day when the scene of this tale commences.

At this precise moment, then, the Montauk was lying at a single anchor, not less than a league from the land, in a flat calm, with her three topsails loose, the courses in the brails, and with all those signs of preparation about her that are so bewildering to landsmen, but

which seamen comprehend as clearly as words. The captain had no other business there than to take on board the wayfarers, and to renew his supply of fresh meat and vegetables ; things of so familiar import on shore as to be seldom thought of until missed, but which swell into importance during a passage of a month's duration. Eve had employed her three days of probation quite usefully, having, with the exception of the two gentlemen, the officers of the vessel, and one other person, been in quiet possession of all the ample, not to say luxurious cabins. It is true, she had a female attendant ; but to her she had been accustomed from childhood, and Nanny Sidley, as her quondam nurse and actual lady's-maid was termed, appeared so much a part of herself, that, while her absence would be missed almost as greatly as that of a limb, her presence was as much a matter of course as a hand or a foot. Nor will a passing word concerning this excellent and faithful domestic be thrown away, in the brief preliminary explanations we are making.



Ann Sidley was one of those excellent creatures who, it is the custom with the European travellers to say, do not exist at all in America, and who, while they are certainly less numerous than could be wished, have no superiors in the world, in their way. She had been born a servant, lived a servant, and was quite content to die a servant,—and this, too, in one and the same family. We shall not enter into a philosophical examination of the reasons that had induced old Ann to feel certain she was in the precise situation to render her more happy than any other that to her was attainable; but feel it she did, as John Effingham used to express it, “from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot.” She had passed through infancy, childhood, girlhood, up to womanhood, *pari passu*, with the mother of Eve, having been the daughter of a gardener, who died in the service of the family, and had heart enough to feel that the mixed relations of civilised society, when properly understood and appreciated, are more pregnant of happiness than the vulgar scramble

and heart-burnings, that, in the *mêlée* of a migrating and unsettled population, are so much injurious to the grace and principles of American life. At the death of Eve's mother, she had transferred her affections to the child ; and twenty years of assiduity and care had brought her to feel as much tenderness for her lovely young charge as if she had been her natural parent. But Nanny Sidley was better fitted to care for the body than the mind of Eve ; and when, at the age of ten, the latter was placed under the control of an accomplished governess, the good woman had meekly and quietly sunk the duties of the nurse in those of the maid.

One of the severest trials—or “ crosses,” as she herself termed it—that poor Nanny had ever experienced, was endured when Eve began to speak in a language she could not herself comprehend ; for, in despite of the best intentions in the world, and twelve years of use, the good woman could never make anything of the foreign tongue her young charge was so rapidly acquiring. One day, when

Eve had been maintaining an animated and laughing discourse in Italian with her instructress, Nanny, unable to command herself, had actually caught the child to her bosom, and, bursting into tears, had implored her not to estrange herself entirely from her poor old nurse. The caresses and solicitations of Eve soon brought the good woman to a sense of her weakness; but the natural feeling was so strong, that it required years of close observation to reconcile her to the thousand excellent qualities of Mademoiselle Vieffville, the lady to whose superintendence the education of Miss Effingham had been finally confided.

This Mademoiselle Vieffville was also among the passengers, and was the one other person who now occupied the cabins in common with Eve and her friends. She was the daughter of a French officer who had fallen in Napoleon's campaigns,—had been educated at one of those admirable establishments which form points of relief in the ruthless history of the conqueror, and had now lived long enough to have educated two young persons,

the last of whom was Eve Effingham. Twelve years of close communion with her *élève* had created sufficient attachment to cause her to yield to the solicitations of the father to accompany his daughter to America, and to continue with her during the first year of her probation, in a state of society that the latter felt must be altogether novel to a young woman educated as his own child had been.

So much has been written and said of French governesses, that we shall not anticipate the subject, but leave this lady to speak and act for herself in the course of the narrative. Neither is it our intention to be very minute in these introductory remarks concerning any of our characters; but having thus traced their outlines, we shall return again to the incidents as they occurred, trusting to make the reader better acquainted with all the parties as we proceed.

## CHAPTER II.

Lord Cram and Lord Vultur,  
Sir Brandish O'Cuetur,  
With Marshal Carouzer,  
And old Lady Mouser.

*Bath Guide.*

THE assembling of the passengers of a packet-ship is at all times a matter of interest to the parties concerned. During the western passage in particular, which can never safely be set down at less than a month, there is the prospect of being shut up for the whole of that period within the narrow compass of a ship with those whom accident has brought together, influenced by all the accidents and caprices of personal character, and a difference of nations, conditions in life, and education. The quarter-deck, it is true, forms a sort of local distinction, and the poor creatures in the

steerage seem the rejected of Providence for the time being; but all who know life will readily comprehend that the *pêle-mêle* of the cabins can seldom offer anything very enticing to people of refinement and taste. To this, however, there is one particular source of relief; most persons feeling a disposition to yield to the circumstances in which they are placed, with the laudable and convenient desire to render others comfortable, in order that they may be made comfortable themselves.

A man of the world and a gentleman, Mr. Effingham had looked forward to this passage with a good deal of concern, on account of his daughter, while he shrank with the sensitiveness of his habits from the necessity of exposing one of her delicacy and plastic simplicity to the intercourse of a ship. Accompanied by Mademoiselle Vieffville, watched over by Nanny, and guarded by himself and his kinsman, he had lost some of his apprehension on the subject during the three probationary days, and now took his stand in the centre of his own party to observe the new arrivals,



with something of the security of a man who is entrenched in his own door-way.

The place they occupied, at a window of the hurricane-house, did not admit of a view of the water; but it was sufficiently evident from the preparations in the gangway next the land, that boats were so near as to render that unnecessary.

“*Genus*, cockney; *species*, bag-man,” muttered John Effingham as the first arrival touched the deck. “That worthy has merely exchanged the basket of a coach for the deck of a packet; we may now learn the price of buttons.”

It did not require a naturalist to detect the species of the stranger, in truth; though John Effingham had been a little more minute in his description than was warranted by the fact. The person in question was one of those mercantile agents that England scatters so profusely over the world, some of whom have all the most sterling qualities of their nation, though a majority, perhaps, are a little disposed to mistake the value of other people as



well as their own. This was the *genus*, as John Effingham had expressed it; but the *species* will best appear on dissection. The master of the ship saluted this person cordially, and as an old acquaintance, by the name of Monday.

“A *mousquetaire* resuscitated,” said Made-moiselle Viefville, in her broken English, as one who had come in the same boat as the first-named thrust his whiskered and moustachoeed visage above the rail of the gangway.

“More probably a barber, who has converted his own head into a wig-block,” growled John.

“It cannot, surely, be Wellington in disguise!” added Mr. Effingham, with a sarcasm of manner that was quite unusual for him.

“Or a peer of the realm in his robes!” whispered Eve, who was much amused with the elaborate toilet of the subject of their remarks, who descended the ladder supported by a sailor, and, after speaking to the master, was formally presented to his late boat-companion as Sir George Templemore. The two bustled

together about the quarter-deck for a few minutes, using eye-glasses, which led them into several scrapes, by causing them to hit their legs against sundry objects they might otherwise have avoided, though both were much too high-bred to betray feelings—or fancied they were, which answered the same purpose.

After these flourishes, they descended to the cabin in company, not without pausing to survey the party in the hurricane-house, more especially Eve, who, to old Ann's great scandal, was the subject of their manifest and almost avowed admiration and observation.

“One is rather glad to have such a relief against the tediousness of a sea-passage,” said Sir George as they went down the ladder. “No doubt you are used to this sort of thing, Mr. Monday; but with me, it is voyage the first,—that is, if I except the Channel and the seas one encounters in making the usual run on the Continent.”

“Oh, dear me! I go and come as regularly as the equinoxes, Sir George, which you know is quite, in rule, once a year. I call my pas-

sages the equinoxes, too, for I religiously make it a practice to pass just twelve hours out of the twenty-four in my berth."

This was the last the party on deck heard of their opinions, for the time being; nor would they have been favoured with all this, had not Mr. Monday what he thought a rattling way with him, which caused him usually to speak in an octave above every one else. Although their voices were nearly mute, or rather lost to those above, they were heard knocking about in their state-rooms; and Sir George, in particular, as frequently called out for the steward, by the name of "Saunders," as Mr. Monday made similar appeals to the steward's assistant for succour, by the appropriate appellation of "Toast."

"I think we may safely claim this person, at least, for a countryman," said John Effingham: "he is what I have heard termed an American in a European mask."

"The character is more ambitiously conceived than skilfully maintained," replied Eve, who had need of all her *retenue* of manner

to abstain from laughing outright. "Were I to hazard a conjecture, it would be to describe the gentleman as a collector of costumes, who had taken a fancy to exhibit an assortment of his riches on his own person. Mademoiselle Viefville, you, who so well understand costumes, may tell us from what countries the separate parts of that attire have been collected?"

"I can answer for the shop in Berlin where the travelling cap was purchased," returned the amused governess; "in no other part of the world can a parallel be found."

"I should think, ma'am," put in Nanny, with the quiet simplicity of her nature as much as her habits, "that the gentleman must have bought his boots in Paris, for they seem to pinch his feet, and all the Paris boots and shoes pinch one's feet,—at least, all mine did."

"The watch-guard is stamped 'Geneva,'" continued Eve.

"The coat comes from Frankfort: *c'est une équivoque.*"

"And the pipe from Dresden, Mademoiselle Viefville."

“The *conchiglia* savours of Rome, and the little chain annexed bespeaks the Rialto; while the *moustaches* are anything but *indigènes*, and the *tout ensemble* the world: the man is travelled, at least.”

Eve's eyes sparkled with humour as she said this; while the new passenger, who had been addressed as Mr. Dodge, and an old acquaintance also, by the captain, came so near them as to admit of no further comments. A short conversation between the two soon let the listeners into the secret that the traveller had come from America in the spring, whither, after having made the tour of Europe, he was about to return in the autumn.

“Seen enough, ha!” added the captain, with a friendly nod of the head, when the other had finished a brief summary of his proceedings in the eastern hemisphere. “All eyes, and no leisure or inclination for more?”

“I've seen as much as I *warn* to see,” returned the traveller, with an emphasis *on*, and a pronunciation *of*, the word we have Italicised, that cannot be committed to paper,

but which were eloquence itself on the subject of self-satisfaction and self-knowledge.

“Well, that is the main point. When a man has got all he wants of a thing, any addition is like over-ballast. Whenever I can get fifteen knots out of the ship, I make it a point to be satisfied, especially under close-reefed topsails and on a taut bow-line.”

The traveller and the master nodded their heads at each other like men who understood more than they expressed; when the former, after inquiring with marked interest if his room-mate, Sir George Templemore, had arrived, went below. An intercourse of three days had established something like an acquaintance between the latter and the passenger she had brought from the River, and turning his red quizzical face towards the ladies, he observed with inimitable gravity,

“There is nothing like understanding when one has enough, even if it be of knowledge. I never yet met with the navigator who found two ‘noons’ in the same day, that he was not in danger of shipwreck. Now, I dare



say Mr. Dodge there, who has just gone below, has, as he says, seen all he *warnts* to see, and it is quite likely he knows more already than he can cleverly get along with.— Let the people be getting the booms on the yards, Mr. Leach; we shall be *warnting* to spread our wings before the end of the passage.”

As Captain Truck, though he often swore, never laughed, his mate gave the necessary order with a gravity equal to that with which it had been delivered to him; and even the sailors went aloft to execute it with greater alacrity for an indulgence of humour that was peculiar to their trade, and which, as few understood so well, none enjoyed so much as themselves. As the homeward-bound crew was the same as the outward-bound, and Mr. Dodge had come abroad quite as green as he was now going home ripe, this traveller of six months’ finish did not escape divers commentaries that literally cut him up “from clew to ear-ring,” and which flew about in the rigging much as active birds flutter from branch to branch in a tree. The subject of all this wit,



however, remained profoundly, not to say happily, ignorant of the sensation he had produced, being occupied in disposing of the Dresden pipe, the Venetian chain, and the Roman *conchiglia* in his state-room, and in “instituting an acquaintance,” as he expressed it, with his room-mate, Sir George Templemore.

“We must surely have something better than this,” observed Mr. Effingham, “for I observed that two of the state-rooms in the main cabin are taken singly.”

In order that the general reader may understand this, it may be well to explain that the packet-ships have usually two berths in each state-room, but they who can afford to pay an extra charge are permitted to occupy the little apartment singly. It is scarcely necessary to add, that persons of gentlemanly feelings, when circumstances will at all permit, prefer economising in other things in order to live by themselves for the month usually consumed in the passage, since in nothing is refinement more plainly exhibited than in the reserve of personal habits.

“There is no lack of vulgar fools stirring with full pockets,” rejoined John Effingham; “the two rooms you mention may have been taken by some ‘yearling’ travellers, who are a little better than the semi-annual *savant* who has just passed us.”

“It is at least *something*, Cousin Jack, to have the wishes of a gentleman.”

“It *is something*, Eve, though it end in wishes, or even in caricature.”

“What are the names?” pleasantly asked Mademoiselle Viefville; “the *names* may be a clue to the characters.”

“The papers pinned to the bed-curtains bear the antithetical titles of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt; though it is quite probable the first is wanting of a letter by accident, and the last is merely a synonyme of the old *nom d guerre* ‘Cash.’”

“Do persons, then, actually travel with borrowed names, in our days?” asked Eve, with a little of the curiosity of the common mother whose name she bore.

“That do they, and with borrowed money

too, as well as in other days. I dare say, however, these two co-voyagers of ours will come just as they are, in truth, Sharp enough, and Blunt enough."

"Are they Americans, think you?"

"They ought to be; both the qualities being thoroughly *indigènes*, as Mademoiselle Viefville would say."

"Nay, Cousin John, I will bandy words with you no longer: for the last twelve months you have done little else than try to lessen the joyful anticipation with which I return to the home of my childhood."

"Sweet one, I would not willingly lessen one of thy young and generous pleasures by any of the alloy of my own bitterness; but what wilt thou? A little preparation for that which is as certain to follow as that the sun succeeds the dawn, will rather soften the disappointment thou art doomed to feel."

Eve had only time to cast a look of affectionate gratitude towards him,—for while he spoke tauntingly, he spoke with a feeling that her experience from childhood had taught

her to appreciate,—ere the arrival of another boat drew the common attention to the gangway. A call from the officer in attendance had brought the captain to the rail; and his order “to pass in the luggage of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt,” was heard by all near.

“Now for *les indigènes*,” whispered Mademoiselle Vieffville, with the nervous excitement that is a little apt to betray a lively expectation in the gentler sex.

Eve smiled, for there are situations in which trifles help to awaken interest, and the little that had just passed served to excite curiosity in the whole party. Mr. Effingham thought it a favourable symptom that the master, who had had interviews with all his passengers in London, walked to the gangway to receive the new-comers; for a boat-load of the quarter-deck *oi polloi* had come on board a moment before without any other notice on his part than a general bow, with the usual order to receive their effects.

“The delay denotes Englishmen,” the caustic John had time to throw in, before the

silent arrangement at the gangway was interrupted by the appearance of the newcomers.

The quiet smile of Mademoiselle Viéville, as the two travellers appeared on deck, denoted approbation, for her practised eye detected that they were certainly both gentlemen at a glance. Women are more purely creatures of convention in their way than men, their education inculcating nicer distinctions and discriminations than that of the other sex; and Eve, who would have studied Sir George Templemore and Mr. Dodge as she would have studied the animals of a caravan, or as creatures with whom she had no affinities, after casting a sly look of curiosity at the two who now appeared on deck, unconsciously averted her eyes like a well-bred young person in a drawing-room.

“They are indeed English,” quietly remarked Mr. Effingham; “but, out of question, English gentlemen.”

“The one nearest appears to me to be Continental,” answered Mademoiselle Viéville,

who had not felt the same impulse to avert her look as Eve; "he is *jamais Anglais!*"

Eve stole a glance, in spite of herself, and, with the intuitive penetration of a woman, intimated that she had come to the same conclusion. The two strangers were both tall, and decidedly gentleman-like young men, whose personal appearance would cause either to be remarked. The one whom the captain addressed as Mr. Sharp had the most youthful look, his complexion being florid, and his hair light; though the other was altogether superior in outline of features as well as in expression: indeed, Mademoiselle Viefville fancied she never saw a sweeter smile than that he gave on returning the salute of the deck; there was more than the common expression of suavity and of the usual play of features in it, for it struck her as being thoughtful and as almost melancholy. His companion was gracious in his manner, and perfectly well toned; but his demeanour had less of the soul of the man about it, partaking more of the training of the social caste to



which he belonged. These may seem to be nice distinctions for the circumstances; but Mademoiselle Viefville had passed her life in good company, and under responsibilities that had rendered observation and judgment highly necessary, and particularly observations of the other sex.

Each of the strangers had a servant; and while their luggage was passed up from the boat, they walked aft nearer to the hurricane-house, accompanied by the captain. Every American who is not very familiar with the world appears to possess the mania of introducing. Captain Truck was no exception to the rule; for, while he was perfectly acquainted with a ship, and knew the etiquette of the quarter-deck to a hair, he got into blue water the moment he approached the finesse of deportment. He was exactly of that school of *élégants* who fancy drinking a glass of wine with another, and introducing, are touches of breeding; it being altogether beyond his comprehension that both have especial uses, and are only to be resorted to on especial occasions.



Still, the worthy master, who had begun life on the fore-castle, without any previous knowledge of usages, and who had imbibed the notion that "manners make the man," taken in the narrow sense of the axiom, was a devotee of what he fancied to be good breeding, and one of his especial duties, as he imagined, in order to put his passengers at their ease, was to introduce them to each other ; a proceeding which, it is hardly necessary to say, had just a contrary effect with the better class of them.

" You are acquainted, gentlemen ?" he said, as the three approached the party in the hurricane-house.

The two travellers endeavoured to look interested, while Mr. Sharp carelessly observed that they had met for the first time in the boat. This was delightful intelligence to Captain Truck, who did not lose a moment in turning it to account. Stopping short, he faced his companions, and, with a solemn wave of the hand, he went through the ceremonial in which he most delighted, and in which he piqued himself at being an adept.

" Mr. Sharp, permit me to introduce you

to Mr. Blunt;—Mr. Blunt, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Sharp.”

The gentlemen, though taken a little by surprise at the dignity and formality of the captain, touched their hats civilly to each other, and smiled. Eve, not a little amused at the scene, watched the whole procedure; and then she too detected the sweet melancholy of the one expression, and the marble-like irony of the other. It may have been this that caused her to start, though almost imperceptibly, and to colour.

“Our turn will come next,” muttered John Effingham: “get the grimaces ready.”

His conjecture was right; for, hearing his voice without understanding the words, the captain followed up his advantage to his own infinite gratification.

“Gentlemen,—Mr. Effingham, Mr. John Effingham”—(every one soon came to make this distinction in addressing the cousins)—“Miss Effingham, Mademoiselle Vieffville:—Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, ladies;—gentlemen, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp.”

The dignified bow of Mr. Effingham, as

well as the faint and distant smile of Eve, would have repelled any undue familiarity in men of less tone than either of the strangers, both of whom received the unexpected honour like those who felt themselves to be intruders. As Mr. Sharp raised his hat to Eve, however, he held it suspended a moment above his head, and then dropping his arm to its full length, he bowed with profound respect, though distantly. Mr. Blunt was less elaborate in his salute, but as pointed as the circumstances at all required. Both gentlemen were a little struck with the distant hauteur of John Effingham, whose bow, while it fulfilled all the outward forms, was what Eve used laughingly to term "imperial". The bustle of preparation, and the certainty that there would be no want of opportunities to renew the intercourse, prevented more than the general salutations, and the new-comers descended to their state-rooms.

"Did you remark the manner in which those people took my introduction?" asked Captain Truck of his chief mate, whom he was

training up in the ways of packet-politeness as one in the road of preferment. "Now, to my notion, they might have shook hands at least. That's what I call *Vattel*."

"One sometimes falls in with what are *rum* chaps," returned the other, who, from following the London trade, had caught a few cockneyisms. "If a man chooses to keep his hands in the beackets, why let him, say I; but I take it as a slight to the company to sheer out of the usual track in such matters."

"I was thinking as much myself; but after all, what can packet-masters do in such a case? We can set luncheon and dinner before the passengers, but we can't make them eat. Now, my rule is, when a gentleman introduces me, to do the thing handsomely, and to return shake for shake, if it is three times three; but as for a touch of the beaver, it is like settling a top-gallant sail in passing a ship at sea, and means just nothing at all. Who would know a vessel because he has let run his halyards and swayed the yard up again? One would do as much to a Turk for manners'

sake. No, no! there is something in this, and, d— me, just to make sure of it, the first good opportunity that offers, I'll — ay, I'll just introduce them all over again!—Let the people ship their handspikes, Mr. Leach, and heave in the slack of the chain.—Ay, ay! I'll take an opportunity when all hands are on deck, and introduce them, ship-shape, one by one, as your greenhorns go through a lubber's-hole, or we shall have no friendship during the passage."

The mate nodded approbation, as if the other had hit upon the right expedient, and then he proceeded to obey the orders, while the cares of his vessel soon drove the subject temporarily from the mind of his commander.

## CHAPTER III.

By all description, this should be the place.

Who's here?—Speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?

*Timon of Athens.*

A SHIP with her sails loosened and her ensigns abroad is always a beautiful object; and the Montauk, a noble New-York-built vessel of seven hundred tons burthen, was a first-class specimen of the “kettle-bottom” school of naval architecture, wanting in nothing that the taste and the experience of the day can supply. The scene that was now acting before their eyes therefore soon diverted the thoughts of Mademoiselle Viefville and Eve from the introductions of the captain, both watching with intense interest the various movements of the crew and passengers as they passed in review.

A crowd of well-dressed, but of an evidently



humbler class of persons than those farther aft, were thronging the gangways, little dreaming of the physical suffering they were to endure before they reached the land of promise,—that distant America, towards which the poor and oppressed of nearly all nations turn longing eyes in quest of a shelter. Eve saw with wonder aged men and women among them; beings who were about to sever most of the ties of the world in order to obtain relief from the physical pains and privations that had borne hard on them for more than threescore years. A few had made sacrifices of themselves in obedience to that mysterious instinct which man feels in his offspring; while others, again, went rejoicing, flushed with the hope of their vigour and youth. A few, the victims of their vices, had embarked in the idle expectation that a change of scene, with increased means of indulgence, could produce a healthful change of character. All had views that the truth would have dimmed,—and, perhaps, no single adventurer among the emigrants collected in that ship entertained either sound or rea-



sonable notions of the mode in which his step was to be rewarded,—though many may meet with a success that will surpass their brightest pictures for the future. Many, no doubt, were to be disappointed.

Reflections something like these passed through the mind of Eve Effingham, as she examined the mixed crowd, in which some were busy in receiving stores from boats, others in holding parting conferences with friends, in which a few were weeping; here and there a group was drowning reflection in the parting cup; while wondering children looked up with anxiety into the well-known faces, as if fearful they might lose the countenances they loved and the charities on which they habitually relied in such a *mêlée*.

Although the stern discipline which separates the cabin and steerage passengers into castes as distinct as those of the Hindoos had not yet been established, Captain Truck had too profound a sense of his duty to permit the quarter-deck to be unceremoniously invaded. This part of the ship, then, had par-

tially escaped the confusion of the moment ; though trunks, boxes, hampers, and other similar appliances of travelling, were scattered about in tolerable affluence. Profiting by the space, of which there was still sufficient for the purpose, most of the party left the hurricane-house to enjoy the short walk that a ship affords. At that instant, another boat from the land reached the vessel's side, and a grave-looking personage, who was not disposed to lessen his dignity by levity or an omission of forms, appeared on deck, where he demanded to be shown the master. An introduction was unnecessary in this instance ; for Captain Truck no sooner saw his visitor than he recognised the well-known features and solemn pomposity of a civil officer of Portsmouth, who was often employed to search the American packets, in pursuit of delinquents of all degrees of crime and folly.

“ I had just come to the opinion I was not to have the pleasure of seeing you this passage, Mr. Grab,” said the captain, shaking hands familiarly with the myrmidon of the

law ; “ but the turn of the tide is not more regular than you gentlemen who come in the name of the king. — Mr. Grab, Mr. Dodge ; Mr. Dodge, Mr. Grab. And now, to what forgery, or bigamy, or elopement, or *scandalum magnatum*, do I owe the honour of your company this time ?—Sir George Templemore, Mr. Grab ; Mr. Grab, Sir George Templemore.”

Sir George bowed with the dignified aversion an honest man might be supposed to feel for one of the other’s employment ; while Mr. Grab looked gravely and with a counter dignity at Sir George. The business of the officer, however, was with none in the cabin ; but he had come in quest of a young woman who had married a suitor rejected by her uncle, — an arrangement that was likely to subject the latter to a settlement of accounts which he found inconvenient, and which he had thought it prudent to anticipate by bringing an action of debt against the bridegroom for advances, real or pretended, made to the wife during her nonage. A dozen eager ears caught an outline of this tale as it was communicated

to the captain, and in an incredibly short space of time it was known throughout the ship, with not a few embellishments.

“ I do not know the person of the husband,” continued the officer, “ nor indeed does the attorney who is with me in the boat ; but his name is Robert Davis, and you can have no difficulty in pointing him out. We know him to be in the ship.”

“ I never introduce any steerage passengers, my dear sir ; and there is no such person in the cabin, I give you my honour,—and that is a pledge that must pass between gentlemen like us. You are welcome to search, but the duty of the vessel must go on. Take your man—but do not detain the ship.—Mr. Sharp, Mr. Grab ; Mr. Grab, Mr. Sharp.—Bear a hand there, Mr. Leach, and let us have the slack of the chain as soon as possible.”

There appeared to be what the philosophers call the attraction of repulsion between the parties last introduced, for the tall gentlemanly-looking Mr. Sharp eyed the officer with a supercilious coldness, neither party deeming

much ceremony on the occasion necessary. Mr. Grab now summoned his assistant, the attorney, from the boat, and there was a consultation between them as to their further proceedings. Fifty heads were grouped around them, and curious eyes watched their smallest movements, one of the crowd occasionally disappearing to report proceedings.

Man is certainly a clannish animal ; for without knowing anything of the merits of the case — without pausing to inquire into the right or the wrong of the matter, in the pure spirit of partisanship, every man, woman, and child of the steerage, which contained fully a hundred souls, took sides against the law, and enlisted in the cause of the defendant. All this was done quietly, however, for no one menaced or dreamed of violence, crew and passengers usually taking their cues from the officers of the vessel on such occasions, and those of the Montauk understanding too well the rights of the public agents to commit themselves in the matter.

“ Call Robert Davis,” said the officer, resort-

ing to a *ruse*, by affecting an authority he had no right to assume. "Robert Davis!" echoed twenty voices, among which was that of the bridegroom himself, who was nigh to discover his secret by an excess of zeal. It was easy to call, but no one answered.

"Can you tell me which is Robert Davis, my little fellow?" the officer asked coaxingly, of a fine flaxen-headed boy, whose age did not exceed ten, and who was a curious spectator of what passed. "Tell me which is Robert Davis, and I will give you a sixpence."

The child knew, but professed ignorance.

"*C'est un esprit de corps admirable!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville; for the interest of the scene had brought nearly all on board, with the exception of those employed in the duty of the vessel, near the gangway. "*Ceci est délicieux*, and I could devour that boy!"

What rendered this more odd, or indeed absolutely ludicrous, was the circumstance that, by a species of legerdemain, a whisper had passed among the spectators so stealthily, and yet so soon, that the attorney



and his companion were the only two on deck who remained ignorant of the person of the man they sought. Even the children caught the clue, though they had the art to indulge their natural curiosity by glances so sly as to escape detection.

Unfortunately, the attorney had sufficient knowledge of the family of the bride to recognise her by a general resemblance, rendered conspicuous as it was by a pallid face and an almost ungovernable nervous excitement. He pointed her out to the officer, who ordered her to approach him,—a command that caused her to burst into tears. The agitation and distress of his wife were near proving too much for the prudence of the young husband, who was making an impetuous movement towards her, when the strong grasp of a fellow-passenger checked him in time to prevent discovery. It is singular how much is understood by trifles when the mind has a clue to the subject, and how often signs, that are palpable as day, are overlooked when suspicion is not awakened, or when the thoughts have obtained a false

direction. The attorney and the officer were the only two present who had not seen the indiscretion of the young man, and who did not believe him betrayed. His wife trembled to a degree that almost destroyed the ability to stand ; but, casting an imploring look for self-command on her indiscreet partner, she controlled her own distress, and advanced towards the officer, in obedience to his order, with a power of endurance that the strong affections of a woman could alone enable her to assume.

“ If the husband will not deliver himself up, I shall be compelled to order the wife to be carried ashore in his stead !” the attorney coldly remarked, while he applied a pinch of snuff to a nose that was already saffron-coloured from the constant use of the weed.

A pause succeeded this ominous declaration, and the crowd of passengers betrayed dismay, for all believed there was now no hope for the pursued. The wife bowed her head to her knees, for she had sunk on a box as if to hide the sight of her husband's arrest. At this

moment a voice spoke from among the group on the quarter-deck.

“Is this an arrest for crime, or a demand for debt?” asked the young man who has been announced as Mr. Blunt.

There was a quiet authority in the speaker's manner that reassured the failing hopes of the passengers, while it caused the attorney and his companion to look round in surprise, and perhaps a little in resentment. A dozen eager voices assured “the gentleman” there was no crime in the matter at all—there was even no just debt, but it was a villanous scheme to compel a wronged ward to release a fraudulent guardian from his liabilities. Though all this was not very clearly explained, it was affirmed with so much zeal and energy as to awaken suspicion, and to increase the interest of the more intelligent portion of the spectators. The attorney surveyed the travelling dress, the appearance of fashion, and the youth of his interrogator, whose years could not exceed five-and-twenty, and his answer was given with an air of superiority.

“Debt or crime, it can matter nothing in the eye of the law.”

“It matters much in the view of an honest man,” returned the youth with spirit. “One might hesitate about interfering in favour of a rogue, however ready to exert himself in favour of one who is innocent, perhaps, of everything but misfortune.”

“This looks a little like an attempt at a rescue! I hope we are still in England, and under the protection of English laws?”

“No doubt at all of that, Mr. Seal,” put in the captain, who having kept an eye on the officer from a distance, now thought it time to interfere, in order to protect the interests of his owners. “Yonder is England, and that is the Isle of Wight, and the Montauk has hold of an English bottom, and good anchorage it is; no one means to dispute your authority, Mr. Attorney, nor to call in question that of the king. Mr. Blunt merely throws out a suggestion, sir; or rather, a distinction between rogues and honest men; nothing more, depend on it, sir.—Mr. Seal, Mr. Blunt; Mr.

Blunt, Mr. Seal. And a thousand pities it is, that the distinction is not usually more readily made."

The young man bowed slightly, and with a face that was flushed, partly with feeling, and partly at finding himself so unexpectedly conspicuous among so many strangers, he advanced a little from the quarter-deck group, like one who feels he is required to maintain the ground he had assumed.

"No one can be disposed to question the supremacy of the English laws in this roadstead," he said, "and least of all myself; but you will permit me to doubt the legality of arresting, or in any manner detaining, a wife in virtue of a process issued against the husband."

"A briefless barrister!" muttered Seal to Grab. "I dare say a timely guinea would have silenced the fellow. What is now to be done?"

"The lady must go ashore, and all these matters can be arranged before a magistrate."

"Ay, ay! let her sue out a *habeas corpus*,

if she please," added the ready attorney, whom a second survey caused to distrust his first inference. "Justice is blind in England as well as in other countries, and is liable to mistakes; but still she is just. If she does mistake sometimes, she is always ready to repair the wrong."

"Cannot *you* do something here?" Eve involuntarily half-whispered to Mr. Sharp, who stood at her elbow.

This person started on hearing her voice making this sudden appeal, and glancing a look of intelligence at her, he smiled and moved nearer to the principal parties.

"Really, Mr. Attorney," he commenced, "this appears to be rather irregular, I must confess,—quite out of the ordinary way, and it may lead to unpleasant consequences."

"In what manner, sir?" interrupted Seal, measuring the other's ignorance at a glance.

"Why, irregular in form, if not in principle. I am aware that the *habeas corpus* is all-essential, and that the law must have its way;



but really this does seem a little irregular, not to describe it by any harsher term."

Mr. Seal treated this new appeal respectfully, in appearance at least, for he felt it was made by one greatly his superior, while he felt an utter contempt for it in essentials, as he saw intuitively that this new intercession was made in a profound ignorance of the subject. As respects Mr. Blunt, however, he had an unpleasant distrust of the result, the quiet manner of that gentleman denoting more confidence in himself, and a greater practical knowledge of the laws. Still, to try the extent of the other's information, and the strength of his nerves, he rejoined in a magisterial and menacing tone—

"Yes, let the lady sue out a writ of *habeas corpus* if wrongfully arrested; and I should be glad to discover the foreigner who will dare to attempt a rescue in old England, and in defiance of English laws."

It is probable Paul Blunt would have relinquished his interference, from an appre-

hension that he might be ignorantly aiding the evil-doer, but for this threat ; and even the threat might not have overcome his prudence, had not he caught the imploring look of the fine blue eyes of Eve.

“ All are not necessarily foreigners who embark on board an American ship at an English port,” he said steadily, “ nor is justice denied those that are. The *habeas corpus* is as well understood in other countries as in this, for happily we are in an age when neither liberty nor knowledge is exclusive. If an attorney, you must know yourself that you cannot legally arrest a wife for a husband, and that what you say of the *habeas corpus* is little worthy of attention.”

“ We arrest, and whoever interferes with an officer in charge of a prisoner is guilty of a rescue. Mistakes must be rectified by the magistrates.”

“ True, provided the officer has warranty for what he does.”

“ Writs and warrants may contain errors, but an arrest is an arrest,” growled Grab.

“Not the arrest of a woman for a man. In such a case, there is design, and not a mistake. If this frightened wife will take counsel from me, she will refuse to accompany you.”

“At her peril, let her dare to do so !”

“At *your* peril do you dare to attempt forcing her from the ship !”

“Gentlemen, gentlemen !—let there be no misunderstanding, I pray you,” interposed the captain. “Mr. Blunt, Mr. Grab ; Mr. Grab, Mr. Blunt. No warm words, gentlemen, I beg of you. But the tide is beginning to serve, Mr. Attorney, and ‘time and tide,’ you know — If we stay here much longer, the Montauk may be forced to sail on the 2nd, instead of the 1st, as has been advertised in both hemispheres. I should be sorry to carry you to sea, gentlemen, without your small stores ; and as for the cabin, it is as full as a lawyer’s conscience. No remedy but the steerage in such a case.—Lay forward, men, and heave away. Some of you, man the fore-top-sail halyards.—We are as regular as our chronometers ; the 1st, 10th, and 20th, without fail.”

There was some truth, blended with a little poetry, in Captain Truck's account of the matter. The tide had indeed made in his favour, but the little wind there was blew directly into the roadstead, and had not his feelings become warmed by the distress of a pretty and interesting young woman, it is more than probable the line would have incurred the disgrace of having a ship sail on a later day than had been advertised. As it was, however, he had taken the matter up in earnest, and he privately assured Sir George and Mr. Dodge, if the affair were not immediately disposed of, he should carry both the attorney and officer to sea with him, and that he did not feel himself bound to furnish either with water. "They may catch a little rain, by wringing their jackets," he added with a wink; "though October is a dryish month in the American sea."

The decision of Paul Blunt would have induced the attorney and his companion to relinquish their pursuit but for two circumstances. They had both undertaken the job as

a speculation, or on the principle of “no play, no pay,” and all their trouble would be lost without success. Then the very difficulty that occurred had been foreseen, and while the officer proceeded to the ship, the uncle had been busily searching for a son on shore, to send off to identify the husband,—a step that would have been earlier resorted to could the young man have been found. This son was a rejected suitor, and he was now seen, by the aid of a glass that Mr. Grab always carried, pulling towards the Montauk, in a two-oared boat, with as much zeal as malignancy and disappointment could impart. His distance from the ship was still considerable; but a peculiar hat, with the aid of the glass, left no doubt of his identity. The attorney pointed out the boat to the officer, and the latter, after a look through the glass, gave a nod of approbation. Exultation overcame the usual wariness of the attorney, for his pride, too, had got to be enlisted in the success of his speculation,—men being so strangely constituted as often to feel as much joy in the



accomplishment of schemes that are unjustifiable, as in the accomplishment of those of which they may have reason to be proud.

On the other hand, the passengers and people of the packet seized something near the truth, with that sort of instinctive readiness which seems to characterise bodies of men in moments of excitement. That the solitary boat that was pulling towards them in the dusk of the evening contained some one who might aid the attorney and his myrmidon, all believed, though in what manner none could tell.

Between all seamen and the ministers of the law there is a long-standing antipathy, for the visits of the former are usually so timed as to leave nothing between the alternatives of paying or of losing a voyage. It was soon apparent, then, that Mr. Seal had little to expect from the apathy of the crew, for never did men work with better will to get a ship loosened from the bottom.

All this feeling manifested itself in a silent and intelligent activity rather than in noise



or bustle, for every man on board exercised his best faculties, as well as his best good will and strength ; the clock-work ticks of the palls of the windlass resembling those of a watch that had got the start of time, while the chain came in with surges of half a fathom at each heave.

“ Lay hold of this rope, men,” cried Mr. Leach, placing the end of the main-topsail halyards in the hands of half-a-dozen athletic steerage passengers, who had all the inclination in the world to be doing, though uncertain where to lay their hands ; “ lay hold, and run away with it.”

The second mate performed the same feat forward, and as the sheets had never been started, the broad folds of the Montauk’s canvass began to open, even while the men were heaving at the anchor. These exertions quickened the blood in the veins of those who were not employed, until even the quarter-deck passengers began to experience the excitement of a chase, in addition to the feelings of compassion. Captain Truck was very silent, but active

in preparations. Springing to the wheel, he made its spokes fly until he had forced the helm hard up, when he unceremoniously gave it to John Effingham to keep there. His next leap was to the foot of the mizen-mast, where, after a few energetic efforts alone, he looked over his shoulder and beckoned for aid.

“Sir George Templemore, mizen-topsail-halyards; mizen-topsail-halyards, Sir George Templemore,” muttered the eager master, scarce knowing what he said. “Mr. Dodge, now is the time to show your name and nature are not identical.”

In short, nearly all on board were busy, and, thanks to the hearty good will of the officers, stewards, cooks, and a few of the hands that could be spared from the windlass, busy in a way to spread sail after sail with a rapidity little short of that seen on board of a vessel of war. The rattling of the clew-garnet blocks, as twenty lusty fellows ran forward with the tack of the mainsail, and the hauling for-

ward of braces, was the signal that the ship was clear of the ground, and coming under command.

A cross current had superseded the necessity of casting the vessel, but her sails took the light air nearly abeam ; the captain understanding that motion was of much more importance just then than direction. No sooner did he perceive by the bubbles that floated past, or rather appeared to float past, that his ship was dividing the water forward, than he called a trusty man to the wheel, relieving John Effingham from his watch. The next instant, Mr. Leach reported the anchor catted and fished.

“Pilot, you will be responsible for this if my prisoners escape,” said Mr. Grab menacingly. “You know my errand, and it is your duty to aid the ministers of the law.”

“Harkee, Mr. Grab,” put in the master, who had warmed himself with the exercise ; “we all know, and we all do our duties, on board the Montauk. It is your duty to take

Robert Davis on shore if you can find him; and it is my duty to take the Montauk to America: now, if you will receive counsel from a well-wisher, I would advise you to see that you do not go in her. No one offers any impediment to your performing your office, and I'll thank you to offer me none in performing mine.—Brace the yards further forward, boys, and let the ship come up to the wind."

As there were logic, useful information, law, and seamanship united in this reply, the attorney began to betray uneasiness; for by this time the ship had gathered so much way as to render it exceedingly doubtful whether a two-oared boat would be able to come up with her, without the consent of those on board. It is probable, as evening had already closed, and the rays of the moon were beginning to quiver on the ripple of the water, that he would have abandoned his object, though with infinite reluctance, had not Sir George Templemore pointed out to the captain a six-oared boat, that was pulling towards them from a

quarter that permitted it to be seen in the moonlight.

“That appears to be a man-of-war’s cutter,” observed the baronet uneasily, for by this time all on board felt a sort of personal interest in their escape.

“It does indeed, Captain Truck,” added the pilot; “and if *she* make a signal, it will become my duty to heave-to the Montauk.”

“Then bundle out of her, my fine fellow, as fast as you can; for not a brace or a bow-line shall be touched here, with my consent, for any such purpose. The ship is cleared,—my hour is come,—my passengers are on board,—and America is my haven.—Let them that want me, catch me. That is what I call *Vattel*.”

The pilot and the master of the Montauk were excellent friends, and understood each other perfectly, even while the former was making the most serious professions of duty. The boat was hauled up, and, first whispering a few cautions about the shoals and the currents, the worthy marine guide leaped into it,

and was soon seen floating astern—a cheering proof that the ship had got fairly in motion. As he fell out of hearing in the wake of the vessel, the honest fellow kept calling out “to tack in season.”

“If you wish to try the speed of your boat against that of the pilot, Mr. Grab,” called out the captain, “you will never have a better opportunity. It is a fine night for a regatta, and I will stand you a pound on Mr. Handlead’s heels. For that matter, I would as soon trust his head, or his hands, in the bargain.”

The officer continued obstinately on board, for he saw that the six-oared boat was coming up with the ship, and, as he well knew the importance to his client of compelling a settlement of the accounts, he fancied some succour might be expected in that quarter. In the mean time, this new movement on the part of their pursuers attracted general attention, and, as might be expected, the interest of this little incident increased the excitement that usually accompanies a de-



parture for a long sea-voyage, fourfold. Men and women forgot their griefs and leave-takings in anxiety, and in that pleasure which usually attends agitation of the mind that does not proceed from actual misery of our own.

## CHAPTER IV.

Whither away so fast?

O God save you!

Even to the hall to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

*Henry VIII.*

THE assembling of the passengers of a large packet-ship is necessarily an affair of coldness and distrust, especially with those who know the world, and more particularly still when the passage is from Europe to America. The greater sophistication of the old than of the new hemisphere, with its consequent shifts and vices — the knowledge that the tide of emigration sets westward, and that few abandon the homes of their youth unless impelled by misfortune at least, with other obvious causes, unite to produce this distinction. Then

come the fastidiousness of habits, the sentiments of social castes, the refinements of breeding, and the reserves of dignity of character, to be put in close collision with bustling egotism, ignorance of usages, an absence of training, and downright vulgarity of thought and practices. Although necessity soon brings these chaotic elements into something like order, the first week commonly passes in reconnoitring, cool civilities, and cautious concessions, to yield at length to the never-dying charities; unless, indeed, the latter may happen to be kept in abeyance by a downright quarrel, about midnight carousals, a squeaking fiddle, or some incorrigible snorer.

Happily, the party collected in the *Montauk* had the good fortune to abridge the usual probation in courtesies, by the stirring events of the night on which they sailed. Two hours had scarcely elapsed since the last passenger crossed the gangway, and yet the respective circles of the quarter-deck and steerage felt more sympathy with each other than the boasted human charities ordinarily quicken in

days of common-place intercourse. They had already found out each other's names, thanks to the assiduity of Captain Truck, who had stolen time, in the midst of all his activity, to make half-a-dozen more introductions, and the Americans of the less trained class were already using them as freely as if they were already old acquaintances. We say the Americans, for the cabins of these ships usually contain a congress of nations, though the people of England, and of her ci-devant colonies, of course predominate in those of the London lines. On the present occasion, the last two were nearly balanced in numbers, so far as national character could be made out ; opinion (which, as might be expected, had been busy the while,) being suspended in reference to Mr. Blunt and one or two others, whom the captain called "foreigners," to distinguish them from the Anglo-Saxon stock.

This equal distribution of forces might, under other circumstances, have led to a division in feeling ; for the conflicts between American and British opinions, coupled with

a difference in habits, are a prolific source of discontent in the cabins of packets. The American is apt to fancy himself at home, under the flag of his country ; while his Transatlantic kinsman is strongly addicted to fancying that when he has fairly paid his money, he has a right to embark all his prejudices with his other luggage.

The affair of the attorney and the newly-married couple, however, was kept quite distinct from all feelings of nationality ; the English apparently entertaining quite as lively a wish that the latter might escape from the fangs of the law, as any other portion of the passengers. The parties themselves were British, and although the authority evaded was of the same origin, right or wrong, all on board had taken up the impression that it was improperly exercised. Sir George Templemore, the Englishman of highest rank, too, was decidedly of this way of thinking,—an opinion he was rather warm in expressing,—and the example of a baronet had its weight, not only with most of his own countrymen, but

with not a few of the Americans also. The Effingham party, together with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, were, indeed, all who seemed to be entirely indifferent to Sir George's sentiments; and, as men are intuitively quick in discovering who do and who do not defer to their suggestions, their accidental independence might have been favoured by this fact, that the discourse of this gentleman was addressed in the main to those who lent the most willing ears. Mr. Dodge, in particular, was his constant and respectful listener, and profound admirer. But then he was his room-mate, and a democrat of a water so pure, that he was disposed to maintain no man had a right to any one of his senses, unless by popular sufferance.

In the mean while, the night advanced, and the soft light of the moon was playing on the waters, adding a semi-mysterious obscurity to the other excitement of the scene. The two-oared boat had evidently been overtaken by that carrying six oars, and, after a short conference, the first had returned reluctantly to-



wards the land, while the latter, profiting by its position, had set two lug-sails, and was standing out into the offing, on a course that would compel the Montauk to come under its lee, when the shoals, as would soon be the case, should force the ship to tack.

“ England is most inconveniently placed,” Captain Truck drily remarked as he witnessed this manœuvre. “ Were this island only out of the way, now, we might stand on as we head, and leave those man-of-war’s men to amuse themselves all night with backing and filling in the roads of Portsmouth.”

“ I hope there is no danger of that little boat’s overtaking this large ship !” exclaimed Sir George with a vivacity that did great credit to his philanthropy, according to the opinion of Mr. Dodge at least ; the latter having imbibed a singular bias in favour of persons of condition, from having travelled in an *eilwagen* with a German baron, from whom he had taken a model of the pipe he carried but never smoked, and from having been thrown for two days and nights into the

society of a "Polish countess," as he uniformly termed her, in the *gondole* of a *diligence*, between Lyons and Marseilles. In addition, Mr. Dodge, as has just been hinted, was an ultra-freeman at home—a circumstance that seems always to react when the subject of the feeling gets into foreign countries.

"A feather running before a lady's sigh would outsail either of us in this air, which breathes on us in some such fashion as a whale snores, Sir George, by sudden puffs. I would give the price of a steerage passage, if Great Britain lay off the Cape of Good Hope for a week or ten days."

"Or Cape Hatteras!" rejoined the mate.

"Not I; I wish the old island no harm, nor a worse climate than it has got already; though it lies as much in our way just at this moment as the moon in an eclipse of the sun. I bear the old creature a great-grandson's love—or a step or two farther off, if you will,—and come and go too often to forget the relationship. But, much as I love her, the affection is not strong enough to go

ashore on her shoals, and so we will go about, Mr. Leach; at the same time, I wish from my heart that two-lugged rascal would go about his business."

The ship tacked slowly but gracefully, for she was in what her master termed "racing trim;" and as her bows fell off to the eastward, it became pretty evident to all who understood the subject, that the two little lug-sails that were "eating into the wind," as the sailors express it, would weather upon her track ere she could stretch over to the other shoal. Even the landsmen had some feverish suspicions of the truth, and the steerage passengers were already holding a secret conference on the possibility of hiding the pursued in some of the recesses of the ship. "Such things were often done," one whispered to another, "and it was as easy to perform it now as at any other time."

But Captain Truck viewed the matter differently: his vocation called him three times a year into the roads of Portsmouth, and he felt little disposition to embarrass his future

intercourse with the place by setting its authorities at a too open defiance. He deliberated a good deal on the propriety of throwing his ship up into the wind, as she slowly advanced towards the boat, and of inviting those in the latter to board him. Opposed to this was the pride of profession, and Jack Truck was not a man to overlook or to forget the "yarns" that were spun among his fellows at the New England Coffee-house, or among those farming hamlets on the banks of the Connecticut, whence all the packet-men are derived, and whither they repair for a shelter when their careers are run, as regularly as the fruit decays where it falleth, or the grass that has not been harvested or cropped withers on its native stalk.

"There is no question, Sir George, that this fellow is a man-of-war's man," said the master to the baronet, who stuck close to his side. "Take a peep at the creeping rogue through this night-glass, and you will see his crew seated at their thwarts with their arms folded, like men who eat the king's beef. None

but your regular public servant ever gets that impudent air of idleness about him, either in England or America. In this respect, human nature is the same in both hemispheres—a man never falling in with luck, but he fancies it is no more than his deserts.”

“There seems to be a great many of them! Can it be their intention to carry the vessel by boarding?”

“If it is, they must take the will for the deed,” returned Mr. Truck a little coldly. “I very much question if the Montauk, with three cabin officers, as many stewards, two cooks, and eighteen foremast-men, would exactly like the notion of being ‘carried,’ as you style it, Sir George, by a six-oared cutter’s crew. We are not as heavy as the planet Jupiter, but have somewhat too much gravity to be ‘carried’ as lightly as all that, too.”

“You intend, then, to resist?” asked Sir George, whose generous zeal in behalf of the pursued apparently led him to take a stronger interest in their escape than any other person on board.

Captain Truck, who had never an objection to sport, pondered with himself a little, laughed, and then loudly expressed a wish that he had a member of congress or a member of parliament on board.

“Your desire is a little extraordinary for the circumstances,” observed Mr. Sharp; “will you have the goodness to explain why?”

“This matter touches on inter-national law, gentlemen,” continued the master, rubbing his hands; for, in addition to having caught the art of introducing, the honest mariner had taken it into his head he had become an adept in the principles of Vattel, of whom he possessed a well-thumbed copy, and for whose dogmas he entertained the deference that they who begin to learn late usually feel for the particular master into whose hands they have accidentally fallen. “Under what circumstances, or in what category, can a public armed ship compel a neutral to submit to being boarded—not ‘carried,’ Sir George, you will please to remark; for d——me, if any man ‘carries’ the Montauk that is not strong



enough to 'carry' her crew and cargo along with her!—but in what category, now, is a packet like this I have the honour to command obliged, in comity, to heave-to and to submit to an examination at all? The ship is a-weigh, and has honestly tacked under her canvass; and, gentlemen, I should be pleased to have your sentiments on the occasion. Just have the condescension to point out the category."

Mr. Dodge came from a part of the country in which men were accustomed to think, act, almost to eat and drink and sleep, in common; or, in other words, from one of those regions in America, in which there was so much community that few had the moral courage, even when they possessed the knowledge, and all the other necessary means, to cause their individuality to be respected. When the usual process of conventions, sub-conventions, caucusses, and public meetings did not supply the means of "concentrated action," he and his neighbours had long been in the habit of having recourse to societies,

by way of obtaining “energetic means,” as it was termed; and from his tenth year up to his twenty-fifth, this gentleman had been either a president, vice-president, manager, or committee-man, of some philosophical, political, or religious expedient to fortify human wisdom, make men better, and resist error and despotism. His experience had rendered him expert in what may well enough be termed the language of association: no man of his years, in the twenty-six states, could more readily apply the terms of “taking up”—“excitement”—“unqualified hostility”—“public opinion”—“spreading before the public,” or any other of those generic phrases that imply the privileges of all, and the rights of none. Unfortunately, the pronunciation of this person was not as pure as his motives, and he misunderstood the captain when he spoke of comity, as meaning a “committee;” and although it was not quite obvious what the worthy mariner could intend by “obliged in committee (comity) to heave-to,” yet, as he had known these bodies to do so many

“energetic things,” he did not see why they might not perform this evolution as well as another.

“It really does appear, Captain Truck,” he remarked accordingly, “that our situation approaches a crisis, and the suggestion of a comity (committee) strikes me as being peculiarly proper and suitable to the circumstances, and in strict conformity with republican usages. In order to save time, and that the gentlemen who shall be appointed to serve may have opportunity to report, therefore, I will at once nominate Sir George Templemore as chairman, leaving it for any other gentleman present to suggest the name of any candidate he may deem proper. I will only add, that in my poor judgment this comity (committee) ought to consist of at least three, and that it have power to send for persons and papers.”

“I would propose five, Captain Truck, by way of amendment,” added another passenger of the same kidney as the last speaker, gentlemen of their school making it a point to

differ a little from every proposition by way of showing their independence.

It was fortunate for both the mover of the original motion, and for the proposer of the amendment, that the master was acquainted with the character of Mr. Dodge, or a proposition that his ship was to be worked by a committee, (or indeed by comity,) would have been very likely to meet with but an indifferent reception; but, catching a glimpse of the laughing eyes of Eve, as well as of the amused faces of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, by the light of the moon, he very gravely signified his entire approbation of the chairman named, and his perfect readiness to listen to the report of the aforesaid committee as soon as it might be prepared to make it.

“And if your committee, or comity, gentlemen,” he added, “can tell me what Vattel would say about the obligation to heave-to in a time of profound peace, and when the ship, or boat, in chase, can have no belligerent rights, I shall be grateful to my dying day; for I have looked him through as closely as old wo-

men usually examine almanacks to tell which way the wind is about to blow, and I fear he has overlooked the subject altogether."

Mr. Dodge, and three or four more of the same community-propensity as himself, soon settled the names of the rest of the committee, when the nominees retired to another part of the deck to consult together; Sir George Templemore, to the surprise of all the Effingham party, consenting to serve with a willingness that rather overlooked forms.

"It might be convenient to refer other matters to this committee, captain," said Mr. Sharp, who had tact enough to see that nothing but her habitual *retenue* of deportment kept Eve, whose bright eyes were dancing with humour, from downright laughter: "these are the important points of reefing and furling, the courses to be steered, the sail to be carried, the times and seasons of calling all hands together, with sundry other customary duties, that no doubt would be well treated on in this forthcoming report."

"No doubt, sir; I perceive you have been

at sea before, and I am sorry you were overlooked in naming the members of the comity : take my word for it, all that you have mentioned can be done on board the Montauk by a comity, as well as settling the question of heaving-to, or not, for yonder boat.—By the way, Mr. Leach, the fellows have tacked, and are standing in this direction, thinking to cross our bows and speak us.—Mr. Attorney, the tide is setting us off the land, and you may make it morning before you get into your nests, if you hold on much longer. I fear, Mrs. Seal and Mrs. Grab will be unhappy women.”

The bloodhounds of the law heard this warning with indifference, for they expected succour of some sort, though they hardly knew of what sort, from the man-of-war's boat, which, it was now plain enough, must weather on the ship. After putting their heads together, Mr. Leach offered his companion a pinch of snuff, helping himself afterwards, like a man indifferent to the result, and one patient in time of duty. The sun-burnt face of



the captain, whose standing colour was that which cooks get when the fire burns the brightest, but whose hues no fire or cold ever varied, was turned fully on the two, and it is probable they would have received some decided manifestation of his will, had not Sir George Templemore, with his four other committee-men, approached to give in the result of this conference.

“We are of opinion, Captain Truck,” said the baronet, “that as the ship is under weigh, and your voyage may be fairly said to have commenced, it is quite inexpedient and altogether unnecessary for you to anchor again; but that it is your duty—”

“I have no occasion for advice as to my duty, gentlemen. If you can let me know what Vattel says, or ought to have said, on the subject or touching the category of the right of search, except as a belligerent right, I will thank you; if not, we must e’en guess at it. I have not sailed a ship in this trade these ten years to need any jogging of the memory about port-jurisdiction either, for these

are matters in which one gets to be expert by dint of use, as my old master used to say when he called us from table with half a dinner. Now, there was the case of the blacks in Charleston, in which our government showed clearly it had not studied Vattel, or it never would have given the answer it did. Perhaps you never heard that case, Sir George, and as it touches a delicate principle, I will just run over the category lightly; for it has its points, as well as a coast."

"Does not this matter press,—may not the boat—"

"The boat will do nothing, gentlemen, without the permission of Jack Truck. You must know, the Carolinians have a law that all niggers brought into their state by ships must be caged until the vessel sails again. This is to prevent emancipation, as they call it, or abolition, I know not which. An Englishman comes in from the islands with a crew of blacks, and, according to law, the authorities of Charleston house them all before night. John Bull complains to his minister, and his

minister sends a note to our secretary, and our secretary writes to the Governor of Carolina, calling on him to respect the treaty, and so on. Gentlemen, I need not tell you what a treaty is—it is a thing in itself to be obeyed; but it is all-important to know what it commands. Well, what was this said treaty? That John should come in and out of the ports, on the footing of the most favoured nation; on the *statu quo ante bellum* principle, as Vattel has it. Now, the Carolinians treated John just as they treated Jonathan, and there was no more to be said. All parties were bound to enter the port, subject to the municipals, as is set forth in Vattel. That was a case soon settled, you perceive, though depending on a nicety.”

Sir George had listened with extreme impatience, but, fearful of offending, he listened to the end; then, seizing the first pause in the captain's discourse, he resumed his remonstrances with an interest that did infinite credit to his humanity, at the same time that he overlooked none of the obligations of polite-

ness. "An exceedingly clear case, I protest, and capitally put—I question if Lord Stowell could do it better—and exceedingly apt, that about the *ante bellum*; but I confess my feelings have not been so much aroused for a long time as they have been on account of these poor people. There is something inexpressibly painful in being disappointed as one is setting out in the morning of life, as it were, in this cruel manner; and rather than see this state of things protracted, I would prefer paying a trifle out of my own pocket. If this wretched attorney will consent, now, to take a hundred pounds and quit us, and carry back with him that annoying cutter with the lug-sails, I will give him the money most cheerfully,—most cheerfully, I protest."

There is something so essentially respectable in practical generosity, that, though Eve and all the curious auditors of what was passing felt an inclination to laugh at the whole procedure up to this declaration, eye met eye in commendation of the liberality of the baronet. He had shown he had a heart, in the

opinion of most of those who heard him, though his previous conversation had led several of the observers to distrust his having the usual quantum of head.

“Give yourself no trouble about the attorney, Sir George,” returned the captain, shaking the other cordially by the hand; “he shall not touch a pound of your money, nor do I think he is likely to touch this Robert Davis. We have caught the tide on our lee bow, and the current is wheeling us up to windward, like an opposition coach flying over Blackheath. In a few minutes we shall be in blue water; and then I’ll give the rascal a touch of Vattel that will throw him all aback, if it don’t throw him overboard.”

“But the cutter?”

“Why, if we drive the attorney and Grab out of the ship, there will be no process in the hands of the others, by which they can carry off the man, even admitting the jurisdiction. I know the scoundrels, and not a shilling shall either of the knaves take from this vessel with my consent. Harkee, Sir

George, a word in your ear : two of as d—d cockroaches as ever rummaged a ship's bread-room ; I 'll see that they soon heave about, or I 'll heave them both into their boat, with my own fair hands."

The captain was about to turn away to examine the position of the cutter, when Mr. Dodge asked permission to make a short report in behalf of the minority of the comity (committee), the amount of which was, that they agreed in all things with the majority, except on the point that, as it might become expedient for the ship to anchor again in some of the ports lower down the Channel, it would be wise to keep that material circumstance in view, in making up a final decision in the affair. This report on the part of the minority, which, Mr. Dodge explained to the baronet, partook rather of the character of a caution than of a protest, had quite as little influence on Captain Truck as the opinion of the majority, for he was just one of those persons who seldom took advice that did not conform with his own previous judgment ; but he



coolly continued to examine the cutter, which by this time was standing on the same course as the ship, a short distance to windward of her, and edging a little off the wind, so as to near the two every yard they advanced.

The wind had freshened to a little breeze, and the captain nodded his head with satisfaction when he heard, even where he stood on the quarter-deck, the slapping of the sluggish swell, as the huge bows of the ship parted the water. At this moment those in the cutter saw the bubbles glide swiftly past them, while to those in the Montauk the motion was still slow and heavy; and yet, of the two, the actual velocity was rather in favour of the latter, both having about what is technically termed "four-knot way" on them. The officer of the boat was quick to detect the change that was acting against him, and by easing the sheets of his lug-sails, and keeping the cutter as much off the wind as he could, he was soon within a hundred feet of the ship, running along on her weather-beam. The bright soft moonlight permitted the face

of a young man in a glazed hat, who wore the undress uniform of a sea-lieutenant, to be distinctly seen, as he rose in the stern-sheets, which contained also two other persons.

“I will thank you to heave-to the *Montauk*,” said the lieutenant civilly, while he raised his hat, apparently in compliment to the passengers who crowded the rail to see and hear what passed. “I am sent on the duty of the king, sir.”

“I know your errand, sir,” returned Captain Truck, whose resolution to refuse to comply was a good deal shaken by the gentleman-like manner in which the request was made; “and I wish you to bear witness, that if I do consent to your request, it is voluntarily; for, on the principles laid down by Vattel and the other writers on international laws, the right of search is a belligerent right, and England being at peace, no ship belonging to one nation can have a right to stop a vessel belonging to another.”

“I cannot enter into these niceties, sir,”

returned the lieutenant sharply : “ I have my orders, and you will excuse me if I say, I intend to execute them.”

“ Execute them, with all my heart, sir : if you are ordered to heave-to my ship, all you have to do is to get on board if you can, and let us see the style in which you handle yards. As to the people now stationed at the braces, the trumpet that will make them stir is not to be spoken through at the Admiralty. The fellow has spirit in him, and I like his principles as an officer, but I cannot admit his conclusions as a jurist. If he flatters himself with being able to frighten us into a new category, now, that is likely to impair national rights : the lad has just got himself into a problem that will need all his logic, and a good deal of his spirit, to get out of again.”

“ You will scarcely think of resisting a king’s officer in British waters !” said the young man with that haughtiness that the meekest tempers soon learn to acquire under a pennant.

“ Resisting, my dear sir ! I resist nothing.

The misconception is in supposing that you sail this ship instead of John Truck. That is my name, sir ; John Truck. Do your errand in welcome, but do not ask me to help you. Come aboard, with all my heart ; nothing would give me more pleasure than to take wine with you ; but I see no necessity of stopping a packet, that is busy on a long road, without an object, as we say on the other side of the big waters."

There was a pause, and then the lieutenant, with the sort of hesitation that a gentleman is apt to feel when he makes a proposal that he knows ought not to be accepted, called out that those in the boat with him would pay for the detention of the ship. A more unfortunate proposition could not have been made to Captain Truck, who would have hove-to his ship in a moment had the lieutenant proposed to discuss Vattel with him on the quarter-deck, and who was only holding out as a sort of salvo to his rights, with that disposition to resist aggressions that the experience of the last forty years has so deeply implanted in the bosom of

every American sailor, in cases connected with English naval officers; but who had just made up his mind to let Robert Davis take his chance, and to crack a bottle with the handsome young man who was still standing up in the boat. But Mr. Truck had been too often to London not to understand exactly the manner in which Englishmen appreciate American character; and, among other things, he knew it was the general opinion in the island that money could do anything with Jonathan, or, as Christophe is said once to have sententiously expressed the same sentiment, "if there were a bag of coffee in hell, a Yankee could be found to go and bring it out."

The master of the Montauk had a proper relish for his lawful gains as well as another, but he was vain-glorious on the subject of his countrymen, principally because he found that the packets outsailed all other merchant-ships, and fiercely proud of any quality that others were disposed to deny them.

At hearing this proposal, or intimation, therefore, instead of accepting it, Captain

Truck raised his hat with formal civility, and coolly wished the other "good night." This was bringing the affair to a crisis at once; for the helm of the cutter was borne up, and an attempt was made to run the boat alongside of the ship. But the breeze had been steadily increasing, the air had grown heavier as the night advanced, and the dampness of evening, as usual, was thickening the canvass of the coarser sails in a way sensibly to increase the speed of the ship. When the conversation commenced, the boat was abreast of the fore-rigging; and by the time it ended, it was barely up with the mizzen. The lieutenant was quick to see the disadvantage he laboured under, and he called out "Heave!" as he found the cutter was falling close under the counter of the ship, and would be in her wake in another minute. The bowman of the boat cast a light grapnel with so much precision that it hooked in the mizzen rigging, and the line instantly tightened so as to tow the cutter. A seaman was passing along the outer edge of the hurricane-house at the moment, coming



from the wheel, and with the decision of an old salt, he quietly passed his knife across the stretched cordage, and snapped it like pack-thread. The grapnel fell into the sea, and the boat was tossing in the wake of the ship, all as it might be while one could draw a breath. To furl the sails and ship the oars consumed but an instant, and then the cutter was ploughing the water under the vigorous strokes of her crew.

“Spirited ! spirited and nimble !” observed Captain Truck, who stood coolly leaning against a shroud, in a position where he could command a view of all that was passing, improving the opportunity to shake the ashes from his cigar while he spoke ; “ a fine young fellow, and one who will make an admiral, or something better, I dare say, if he live ;—perhaps a cherub, in time. Now, if he pull much longer in the back-water of our wake, I shall have to give him up, Leach, as a little *marine-ish* : ah ! there he sheers out of it, like a sensible youth as he is ! Well, there is something pleasant in the conceit of a six-oared boat’s

carrying a London liner by boarding, even admitting the lad could have got alongside."

So it would seem, thought Mr. Leach and the crew of the Montauk ; for they kept about their work of cleaning the decks with as much philosophy as men ever discover when employed in an unthankful office. This *sang-froid* of seamen is always matter of surprise to landmen ; but adventurers who have been rocked in the tempest for years, whose utmost security is a hazard to cause others to doubt, and whose safety constantly depends on the command of the faculties, come in time to experience an apathy on the subject of all the minor terrors and excitements of life, that none can acquire unless by habit and similar hazards. There was a low laugh among the people, and now and then a curious glance of the eye over the quarter to ascertain the position of the struggling boat ; but there the effect of the little incident ceased, so far as the seamen were concerned.

Not so with the passengers. The Americans exulted at the failure of the man-of-war's

man, and the English doubted. To them deference to the crown was habitual, and they were displeased at seeing a stranger play a king's boat such a trick, in what they justly enough thought to be British waters. Although the law may not give a man any more right than another to the road before his own door, he comes in time to fancy it, in a certain degree, his particular road. Strictly speaking, the Montauk was perhaps still under the dominion of the English laws, though she had been a league from the land when lying at her anchor, and by this time the tide and her own velocity had swept her broad off into the offing quite as far again; indeed she had now got to such a distance from the land, that Captain Truck thought it his "duty" to bring matters to a conclusion with the attorney.

"Well, Mr. Seal," he said, "I am grateful for the pleasure of your company thus far; but you will excuse me if I decline taking you and Mr. Grab quite to America. Half an hour hence you will hardly be able to find the island; for as soon as we have got to a proper

distance from the cutter, I shall tack to the south-west, and then you ought to remember the anxiety of the ladies at home."

"This may turn out a serious matter, Captain Truck, on your return passage! The laws of England are not to be trifled with. Will you oblige me by ordering the steward to hand me a glass of water? Waiting for justice is dry duty, I find."

"Extremely sorry I cannot comply, gentlemen. Vattel has nothing on the subject of watering belligerents or neutrals, and the laws of Congress compel me to carry so many gallons to the man. If you will take it in the way of a nightcap, however, and drink success to our run to America, and your own to the shore, it shall be in champagne, if you happen to like that agreeable fluid."

The attorney was about to express his readiness to compromise on these terms, when a glass of the beverage for which he had first asked was put into his hand by the wife of Robert Davis. He took the water, drank it, and turned from the woman with the obduracy

of one who never suffered feeling to divert him from the pursuit of gain. The wine was brought, and the captain filled the glasses with a seaman's heartiness.

"I drink to your safe return to Mrs. Seal, and the little gods and goddesses of justice,—Pan or Mercury, which is it? And as for you, Grab, look out for sharks as you pull in. If they hear of your being afloat, the souls of persecuted sailors will set them on you, as the devil chases male coquettes. Well, gentlemen, you are balked this time; but what matters it? It is but another man got safe out of a country that has too many in it; and I trust we shall meet good friends again this day four months. Even man and wife must part, when the hour arrives."

"That will depend on how my client views your conduct on this occasion, Captain Truck; for he is not a man that it is always safe to thwart."

"That for your client, Mr. Seal!" returned the captain, snapping his fingers. "I am not to be frightened with an attorney's growl,

or a bailiff's nod. You come off with a writ or a warrant, I care not which ; I offer no resistance ; you hunt for your man, like a terrier looking for a rat, and can't find him ; I see the fine fellow, at this moment, on deck ; but I feel no obligation to tell you who or where he is ; my ship is cleared and I sail, and you have no power to stop me ; we are outside of all the head-lands, good two leagues and a half off, and some writers say that a gun-shot is the extent of your jurisdiction, once out of which, your authority is not worth half as much as that of my chief cook, who has power to make his mate clean the coppers. Well, sir, you stay here ten minutes longer and we shall be fully three leagues from your nearest land, and then you are in America, according to law, and a quick passage you will have made of it. Now, that is what I call a category."

As the captain made this last remark, his quick eye saw that the wind had hauled so round to the westward, as to supersede the necessity of tacking, and that they were actu-



ally going eight knots in a direct line from Portsmouth. Casting an eye behind him, he perceived that the cutter had given up the chase, and was returning towards the distant roads. Under circumstances so discouraging, the attorney, who began to be alarmed for his boat, which was flying along on the water, towed by the ship, prepared to take his leave ; for he was fully aware that he had no power to compel the other to heave-to his ship, to enable him to get out of her. Luckily the water was still tolerably smooth, and with fear and trembling, Mr. Seal succeeded in blundering into the boat ; not, however, until the watermen had warned him of their intention to hold on no longer. Mr. Grab followed, with a good deal of difficulty, and just as a hand was about to let go the painter, the captain appeared at the gangway with the man they were in quest of, and said in his most winning manner—

“ Mr. Grab, Mr. Davis ; Mr. Davis, Mr. Grab ; I seldom introduce steerage passengers, but to oblige two old friends I break the rule

That's what I call a category. My compliments to Mrs. Grab. Let go the painter."

The words were no sooner uttered than the boat was tossing and whirling in the cauldron left by the passing ship

## CHAPTER V.

What country, friends, is this ?

Illyria, lady.

*Twelfth Night.*

CAPTAIN TRUCK cast an eye aloft to see if everything drew, as coolly as if nothing out of the usual course had happened; he and his crew having, seemingly, regarded the attempt to board them as men regard the natural phenomena of the planets, or in other words, as if the ship, of which they were merely parts, had escaped by her own instinct or volition. This habit of considering the machine as the governing principle is rather general among seamen, who, while they ease a brace, or drag a bowline, as the coachman checks a rein, appear to think it is only permitting the creature to work her own will a little more freely. It is true all *know* better, but none talk, or indeed

would seem to *feel*, as if they thought otherwise.

“ Did you observe how the old barkly jumped out of the way of those rovers in the cutter?” said the captain complacently to the quarter-deck group, when his survey aloft had taken sufficient heed that his own nautical skill should correct the instinct of the ship. “ A skittish horse, or a whale with the irons in him, or, for that matter, one of the funniest of your theatricals, would not have given a prettier aside than this poor old hulk, which is certainly just the clumsiest craft that sails the ocean. I wish King William would take it into his royal head, now, to send one of his light-heeled cruisers out to prove it, by way of resenting the cantaverous trick the Montauk played his boat !”

The dull report of a gun, as the sound came short and deadened up against the breeze, checked the raillery of Mr. Truck. On looking to leeward, there was sufficient light to see the symmetrical sails of the corvette they had left at anchor, trimmed close by the wind,

and the vessel itself standing out under a press of canvass, apparently in chase. The gun had evidently been fired as a signal of recall to the cutter, blue lights being burnt on board of both the ship and its boat, in proof that they were communicating.

The passengers now looked gravely at each other, for the matter, in their eyes, began to be serious. Some suggested the possibility that the offence of Davis might be other than debt, but this was disproved by the process and the account of the baliff himself; while most concluded that a determination to resent the slight done the authorities had caused the cruiser to follow them out, with the intention of carrying them back again. The English passengers in particular began now to reason in favour of the authority of the crown, while those who were known to be Americans grew warm in maintaining the right of their flag. Both the Effinghams, however, were moderate in the expression of their opinions, for education, years, and experience, had taught them to discriminate justly.

“As respects the course of Captain Truck, in refusing to permit the cutter to board him, he is probably a better judge than any of us,” Mr. Effingham observed with gentlemanly reserve—“for he must better understand the precise position of his ship at the time; but concerning the want of right in a foreign vessel of war to carry this ship into port, in a time of profound peace, when sailing on the high seas, as will soon be the case with the Montauk,—admitting that she is not there at present,—I should think there can be no reasonable doubt. The dispute, if there is to be any, has now become matter of negotiation; or redress must be sought through the general agents of the two nations, and not taken by the inferior officers of either party. The instant the Montauk reaches the public highway of nations, she is within the exclusive jurisdiction of the country under whose flag she legally sails.”

“Vattel!” said the captain, giving a nod of approbation, again clearing the end of his cigar.

Now, John Effingham was a man of strong



feelings, which is often but another word for a man of strong prejudices ; and he had been educated between thirty or forty years before,—which is saying virtually, that he was educated under the influence of the British opinions, that then weighed (and many of which still weigh) like an incubus on the national interests of America. It is true, Mr. Effingham was in all senses the contemporary, as he had been the schoolfellow, of his cousin ; that they loved each other as brothers, had the utmost reliance on each other's principles in the main, thought alike in a thousand things, and yet, in the particular of English domination, it was scarcely possible for one man to resemble another less than the widowed kinsman resembled the bachelor.

Edward Effingham was a singularly just-minded man, and having succeeded at an early age to his estate, he had lived many years in that intellectual retirement which, by withdrawing him from the strifes of the world, had left a cultivated sagacity to act freely on a natural disposition. At the period

when the entire republic was, in substance, exhibiting the disgraceful picture of a nation torn by adverse factions, that had their origin in interests alien to its own; when most were either Englishmen or Frenchmen, he had remained what nature, the laws and reason intended him to be, an American. Enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* on his hereditary estate, and in his hereditary abode, Edward Effingham, with little pretensions to greatness, and with many claims to goodness, had hit the line of truth which so many of the “god-likes” of the republic, under the influence of their passions, and stimulated by the transient and fluctuating interests of the day, entirely overlooked, or which, if seeing, they recklessly disregarded. A less impracticable subject for excitement,—the *primum mobile* of all American patriotism and activity, if we are to believe the theories of the times,—could not be found, than this gentleman. Independence of situation had induced independence of thought: study and investigation rendered him original and just, by simply exempting him from the

influence of the passions; and while hundreds were keener, abler in the exposition of subtleties, or more imposing with the mass, few were as often right, and none of less selfishness, than this simple-minded and upright gentleman. He loved his native land, while he saw and regretted its weaknesses; was its firm and consistent advocate abroad, without becoming its interested or mawkish flatterer at home, and at all times, and in all situations, manifested that his heart was where it ought to be.

In many essentials, John Effingham was the converse of all this. Of an intellect much more acute and vigorous than that of his cousin, he also possessed passions less under control, a will more stubborn, and prejudices that often neutralized his reason. His father had inherited most of the personal property of the family, and with this he had plunged into the vortex of monied speculation that succeeded the adoption of the new constitution, and verifying the truth of the sacred saying, that "where the treasure is, there will

the heart be also," he had entered warmly and blindly into all the factious and irreconcilable principles of party, if such a word can properly be applied to rules of conduct that vary with the interests of the day, and had adopted the current errors with which faction unavoidably poisons the mind.

America was then much too young in her independence, and too insignificant in all eyes but her own, to reason and act for herself, except on points that pressed too obviously on her immediate concerns to be overlooked; but the great social principles,—or it might be better to say, the great social interests,—that then distracted Europe, produced quite as much sensation in the distant country, as at all comported with a state of things that had so little practical connexion with the result. The Effingham family had started federalists, in the true meaning of the term; for their education, native sense and principles, had a leaning to order, good government, and the dignity of the country; but as factions became fiercer, and names got to be confounded and

contradictory, the landed branch settled down into what they thought were Americans, and the commercial branch into what might properly be termed English federalists. We do not mean that the father of John intended to be untrue to his native land; but by following up the dogmas of party he had reasoned himself into a set of maxims which, if they meant anything, meant everything but that which had been solemnly adopted as the governing principles of his own country, and many of which were diametrically opposed to both its interests and its honour.

John Effingham had insensibly imbibed the sentiments of his particular set, though the large fortune inherited from his father had left him too independent to pursue the sinuous policy of trade. He had permitted temperament to act on prejudice to such an extent that he vindicated the right of England to force men from under the American flag, a doctrine that his cousin was too simple-minded and clear-headed ever to entertain for an instant: and he was singularly ingenious in



discovering blunders in all the acts of the republic, when they conflicted with the policy of Great Britain. In short, his talents were necessary, perhaps, to reconcile so much sophistry, or to render that reasonably plausible that was so fundamentally false. After the peace of 1815, John Effingham went abroad for the second time, and he hurried through England with the eagerness of strong affection; an affection that owed its existence even more to opposition than to settled notions of truth, or to natural ties. The result was disappointment, as happens nineteen times in twenty, and this solely because, in the zeal of a partisan, he had fancied theories, and imagined results. Like the English radical, who rushes into America with a mind unsettled by impracticable dogmas,—he experienced a reaction, and this chiefly because he found that men were not superior to nature, and discovered so late in the day, what he might have known at starting, that particular causes must produce particular effects. From this time, John Effingham became a wiser and



a more moderate man; though, as the shock had not been sufficiently violent to throw him backward on truth, or rather upon the opposing prejudices of another sect, the remains of the old notions were still to be discovered lingering in his opinions, and throwing a species of twilight shading over his mind; as in nature the hues of evening and the shadows of the morning follow or precede the light of the sun.

Under the influence of these latent prejudices, then, John Effingham replied to the remarks of his cousin, and the discourse soon partook of the discursive character of all arguments, in which the parties are not singularly clear-headed, and free from any other bias than that of truth. Nearly all joined in it, and half-an-hour was soon passed in settling the law of nations, and the particular merits or demerits of the instance before them.

It was a lovely night, and Mademoiselle Vieffville and Eve walked the deck for exercise, the smoothness of the water rendering the moment every way favourable. As has been

already said, the common feeling in the escape of the new-married couple had broken the ice, and less restraint existed between the passengers, at the moment when Mr. Grab left the ship, than would have been the case at the end of a week, under ordinary circumstances. Eve Effingham had passed her time since her eleventh year principally on the continent of Europe, and in the mixed intercourse that is common to strangers in that part of the world; or, in other words, equally without the severe restraint that is usually imposed there on the young of her own sex, or without the extreme licence that is granted to them at home. She came of a family too well toned to run into the extravagant freedoms that sometimes pass for easy manners in America, had she never quitted her father's house even: but her associations abroad had unavoidably imparted greater reserve to her ordinary deportment than the simplicity of cis-Atlantic usages would have rendered indispensable in the most fastidious circles. With the usual womanly reserves, she was natural and

unembarrassed in her intercourse with the world, and she had been allowed to see so many different nations, that she had obtained a self-confidence that did her no injury, under the influence of an exemplary education, and great natural dignity of mind. Still, Mademoiselle Viefville, notwithstanding she had lost some of her own peculiar notions on the subject, by having passed so many years in an American family, was a little surprised at observing that Eve received the respectful advances of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt with less reserve than it was usual to her to manifest to an entire stranger. Instead of remaining a mere listener, she had answered several remarks of the first, and once or twice she had even laughed with him openly at some absurdity of the committee of five. The cautious governess wondered, but, half disposed to fancy that there was no more than the necessary freedom of a ship in it all,—for, like a true French-woman, Mademoiselle Viefville had very vague notions of the secrets of the mighty deep—she permitted it to pass, confiding in the long-tried taste

and discretion of her charge. While Mr. Sharp discoursed with Eve, who held her arm the while, she herself had fallen into an animated conversation with Mr. Blunt, who walked at her side, and who spoke her own language so well, that she at first set him down as a countryman of her own, travelling under an English appellation as a *nom de guerre*. While this dialogue was at its height of interest—for Paul Blunt discoursed with his companion aptly on Paris and its excellences with a skill that soon absorbed all her attention, “*Paris, ce magnifique Paris*,” having almost as much influence on the happiness of the governess, as it was said to have had on that of Madame de Stael;—Eve’s companion dropped his voice to a tone that was rather confidential for a stranger, although it was perfectly respectful, and said,—

“ I have flattered myself, perhaps through the influence of self-love alone, that Miss Effingham has not so far forgotten all whom she has met in her travels as to think me an utter stranger”.

“Certainly not,” returned Eve with perfect simplicity and composure; “else would one of my faculties, that of memory, be perfectly useless. I knew you at a glance, and consider the worthy captain’s introduction as so much finesse of breeding utterly thrown away.”

“I am equally gratified and vexed at all this; gratified and infinitely flattered to find I have not passed before your eyes like the common herd, who leave no traces of even their features behind them; and vexed at finding myself in a situation that, I fear, you fancy excessively ridiculous?”

“Oh, one hardly dare to attach such consequences to acts of young men, or young women either, in an age as original as our own. I saw nothing particularly absurd but the introduction;—and so many absurder have since passed, that this is almost forgotten.”

“And the name—?”

“—Is certainly a keen one. If I am not mistaken, when we were in Italy you were content to let your servant bear it; but, ven-



turing among a people so noted for sagacity as the Yankees, I suppose you have fancied it was necessary to go armed *cap-à-pié*."

Both laughed lightly, as if they equally enjoyed the pleasantry, and then he resumed.

"But I sincerely hope you do not impute improper motives to the incognito?"

"I impute it to that which makes many young men run from Rome to Vienna, or from Vienna to Paris; which causes you to sell the *vis-à-vis* to buy a *dormeuse*; to know your friends to-day, and to forget them to-morrow; or, in short, to do a hundred other things that can be accounted for on no other motive."

"And this motive—?"

"—Is simply caprice."

"I wish I could persuade you to ascribe some better reason to all my conduct. Can you think of nothing, in the present instance, less discreditable?"

"Perhaps I can," Eve answered, after a moment of thought; then laughing slightly again, she added quickly, "But I fear, in exonerating you from the charge of unmiti-



gated caprice, I shall ascribe a reason that does little less credit to your knowledge."

"This will appear in the end. Does Mademoiselle Viefville remember me, do you fancy?"

"It is impossible; she was ill, you will remember, the three months we saw so much of you."

"And your father, Miss Effingham;—am I really forgotten by him?"

"I am quite certain you are not. He never forgets a face, whatever in this instance may have befallen the name."

"He received me so coldly, and so much like a total stranger!"

"He is too well-bred to recognise a man who wishes to be unknown, or to indulge in exclamations of surprise, or in dramatic starts. He is more stable than a girl, moreover, and may feel less indulgence to caprice."

"I feel obliged to his reserve; for exposure would be ridiculous, and so long as you and he alone know me, I shall feel less awkward in the ship. I am certain neither will betray me."

“ Betray !”

“ Betray, discover, annihilate me if you will. Anything is preferable to ridicule.”

“ This touches a little on the caprice ; but you flatter yourself with too much security : you are known to one more besides my father, myself, and the honest man whom you have robbed of all his astuteness, which I believe was in his name.”

“ For pity’s sake, who can it be ?”

“ The worthy Nanny Sidley, my whilome nurse, and actual *femme de chambre*. No ogre was ever more vigilant on his ward than the faithful Nanny, and it is vain to suppose she does not recall your features.”

“ But ogres sometimes sleep ; recollect how many have been overcome in that situation.”

Eve smiled, but shook her head. She was about to assure Mr. Sharp of the vanity of his belief, when an exclamation from her governess diverted the attention of both, and before either had time to speak again, Mademoiselle Viefville turned to them, and said rapidly in French—

“ I assure you, *ma chère*, I should have mistaken monsieur for a countryman by his language, were it not for a single heinous fault that he has just committed.”

“ Which fault you will suffer me to inquire into, that I may hasten to correct it?” asked Mr. Blunt.

“ Mais, monsieur, you speak *too* perfectly, too grammatically, for a native. You do not take the liberties with the language that one who feels he owns it thinks he has a right to do. It is the fault of too much correctness.”

“ And a fault it easily becomes. I thank you for the hint, mademoiselle ; but as I am now going where little French will be heard, it is probable it will soon be lost in greater mistakes.”

The two then turned away again, and continued the dialogue that had been interrupted by this trifling.

“ There may also be one more to whom you are known,” continued Eve, as soon as the vivacity of the discourse of the others satisfied her the remark would not be heard.

“ Surely you cannot mean *him*.”

“ Surely I do mean *him*. Are you quite certain that ‘ Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt ; Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp,’ never saw each other before ?”

“ I think not until the moment we entered the boat in company. He is a gentlemanly young man ; he seems even to be more, and one would not be apt to forget him. He is altogether superior to the rest of the set : do you not agree with me ?”

Eve made no answer, probably because she thought her companion was not sufficiently intimate to interrogate her on the subject of her opinions of others. Mr. Sharp had too much knowledge of the world not to perceive the little mistake he had made, and after begging the young lady, with a ludicrous deprecation of her mercy, not to betray him, he changed the conversation with the tact of a man who saw that the discourse could not be continued without assuming an air of a confidential character that Eve was indisposed to permit. Luckily, a pause in the discourse between the

governess and her colloquist permitted a happy turn to the conversation.

“I believe you are an American, Mr. Blunt,” he remarked; “and as I am an Englishman, we may be fairly pitted against each other on this important question of international law, and about which I hear our worthy captain flourishing extracts from Vattel as familiarly as household terms. I hope, at least, you agree with me in thinking that when the sloop-of-war comes up with us, it will be very silly on our part to make any objections to being boarded by her?”

“I do not know that it is at all necessary I should be an American to give an opinion on such a point,” returned the young man he addressed, courteously, though he smiled to himself as he answered—“For what is right, is right, quite independently of nations, or of nationality. It really does appear to me that a public-armed vessel ought to have, in war or peace, a right to ascertain the character of all merchant-ships, at least on the coast of the country to which the cruisers belong.

Without this power, it is not easy to see in what manner they can seize smugglers, capture pirates, or otherwise enforce the objects for which such vessels are usually sent to sea, in the absence of positive hostilities."

"I am happy to find you agreeing with me, then, in the legality of the doctrine of the right of search."

Paul Blunt again smiled, and Eve, as she caught a glimpse of his fine countenance in turning their short walk, fancied there was a concealed pride of reason in the expression. Still he answered as mildly and quietly as before.

"The right of search, certainly, to attain these ends, but to attain no more. If nations denounce piracy, for instance, and employ especial agents to detect and overcome the freebooters, there is reason in according to these agents all the rights that are requisite to the discharge of the duties : but, in conceding this much, I do not see that any authority is acquired beyond that which immediately belongs to the particular service to be performed. If we give a man permission to enter our house



to look for thieves, it does not follow that, because so admitted, he has a right to exercise any other function. I do believe that the ship in chase of us, as a public cruiser, ought to be allowed to board this vessel; but finding nothing contrary to the laws of nations about her, that she will have no power to detain or otherwise molest her. Even the right I concede ought to be exercised in good faith, and without vexatious abuses."

"But, surely, you must think that in carrying off a refugee from justice we have placed ourselves in the wrong, and cannot object, as a principle, to the poor man's being taken back again into the country from which he has escaped, however much we may pity the hardships of the particular case?"

"I much question if Captain Truck will be disposed to reason so vaguely. In the first place, he will be apt to say that his ship was regularly cleared, and that he had authority to sail; that in permitting the officer to search his vessel, while in British waters, he did all that could be required of him, the law not

compelling him to be either a bailiff or an informer ; that the process issued was to take Davis, and not to detain the Montauk ; that, once out of British waters, American law governs, and the English functionary became an intruder of whom he had every right to rid himself, and that the process by which he got his power to act at all became impotent the instant it was without the jurisdiction under which it was granted."

"I think you will find the captain of yonder cruiser indisposed to admit this doctrine."

"That is not impossible ; men often preferring abuses to being thwarted in their wishes. But the captain of yonder cruiser might as well go on board a foreign vessel of war, and pretend to a right to command her, in virtue of the commission by which he commands his own ship, as to pretend to find reason or law in doing what you seem to predict."

"I rejoice to hear that the poor man cannot now be torn from his wife !" exclaimed Eve.

“You then incline to the doctrine of Mr. Blunt, Miss Effingham?” observed the other controversialist a little reproachfully. “I fear you make it a national question.”

“Perhaps I have done what all seem to have done, permitted sympathy to get the better of reason. And yet it would require strong proof to persuade me that villanous-looking attorney was engaged in a good cause, and that meek and warm-hearted wife in a bad one !”

Both the gentlemen smiled, and both turned to the fair speaker, as if inviting her to proceed. But Eve had checked herself, having already said more than became her, in her own opinion.

“I had hoped to find an ally in you, Mr. Blunt, to sustain the claim of England to seize her own seamen when found on board of vessels of another nation,” resumed Mr. Sharp, when a respectful pause had shown both the young men that they need expect nothing more from their fair companion ; “but I fear I must set you down as belonging to those

who wish to see the power of England reduced, *coûte qui coûte*."

This was received as it was meant, or as a real opinion veiled under pleasantry.

"I certainly do not wish to see her power maintained, *coûte qui coûte*," returned the other, laughing; "and in this opinion, I believe, I may claim both these ladies as allies."

"*Certainement !*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville, who was a living proof that the feelings created by centuries of animosity are not to be subdued by a few flourishes of the pen.

"As for me, Mr. Sharp," added Eve, "you may suppose, being an American girl, I cannot subscribe to the right of any country to do us injustice; but I beg you will not include me among those who wish to see the land of my ancestors wronged, in aught that she may rightfully claim as her due."

"This is powerful support, and I shall rally to the rescue. Seriously, then, will you allow me to inquire, sir, if you think the

right of England to the services of her seamen can be denied ?”

“ Seriously, then, Mr. Sharp, you must permit me to ask if you mean by force, or by reason ?”

“ By the latter, certainly.”

“ I think you have taken the weak side of the English argument ; the nature of the service that the subject, or the citizen, as it is now the fashion to say at Paris, *made-moiselle*—”

“ —*Tant pis*,” muttered the governess.

“ —Owes his government,” continued the young man, slightly glancing at Eve, at the interruption, “ is purely a point of internal regulation. In England there is compulsory service for seamen without restriction, or what is much the same, without any equal protection ; in France, it is compulsory service on a general plan ; in America, as respects seamen, the service is still voluntary.”

“ Your pardon ; — will the institutions of America permit impressment at all ?”

“I should think, not indiscriminate impressment; though I do not see why laws might not be enacted to compel drafts for the ships of war, as well as for the army: but this is a point that some of the professional gentlemen on board, if there be any such, might better answer than myself.”

“The skill with which you have touched on these subjects to-night had made me hope to have found such a one in you; for to a traveller, it is always desirable to enter a country with a little preparation, and a ship might offer as much temptation to teach as to learn.”

“If you suppose me an *American lawyer*, you give me credit for more than I can lay claim to.”

As he hesitated, Eve wondered whether the slight emphasis he had laid on the two words we have *Italicised* was heaviest on that which denoted the country, or on that which denoted the profession.

“I have been much in America, and have paid a little attention to the institutions, but should be sorry to mislead you into the belief



that I am at all infallible on such points," Mr. Blunt continued.

"You were about to touch on impressment."

"Simply to say that it is a municipal, or national power; one in no degree dependant on general principles, and that it can properly be exercised in no situation in which the municipal or national powers are forbidden. I can believe that this power may be exercised on board American ships in British waters—or, at least, that it is a more plausible right in such situations; but I cannot think it can be rightfully exercised anywhere else. I do not think England would submit to such a practice an hour, reversing the case, and admitting her present strength; and an appeal of this sort is a pretty good test of a principle."

"Ay, ay, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, as Vattel says," interrupted Captain Truck, who had overheard the last speech or two: "not that he says this in so many words, but then, he has the senti-

ment at large scattered throughout his writings. For that matter, there is little that can be said on a subject that he does not put before his readers, as plainly as Beachy Head lies before the navigator of the British Channel. With Bowditch and Vattel, a man might sail round the globe, and little fear of a bad landfall, or a mistake in principles. My present object is to tell you, ladies, that the steward has reported the supper in waiting for the honour of your presence."

Before quitting the deck, the party inquired into the state of the chase, and the probable intentions of the sloop-of-war.

"We are now on the great highway of nations," returned Mr. Truck, "and it is my intention to travel it without jostling, or being jostled. As for the sloop, she is standing out under a press of canvass, and we are standing from her, in nearly a straight line, in like circumstances. She is some eight or ten miles astern of us, and there is an old saying among seamen that 'a stern chase is a long chase.' I do not think our case is about to make an

exception to the rule. I shall not pretend to say what will be the upshot of the matter ; but there is not the ship in the British navy that can gain ten miles on the Montauk, in her present trim, and with this breeze, in as many hours ; so we are quit of her for the present."

The last words were uttered just as Eve put her foot on the step to descend into the cabin.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Trin.* Stephano,—

*Steph.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! Mercy!

*Tempest.*

THE life of a packet steward is one of incessant mixing and washing, of interrogations and compoundings, all in a space of about twelve feet square. These functionaries, usually clever mulattoes who have caught the civilisation of the kitchen, are busy from morning till night in their cabins, preparing dishes, issuing orders, regulating courses, starting corks, and answering questions. Apathy is the great requisite for the station; for woe betide the wretch who fancies any modicum of zeal, or good nature, can alone fit him for the occupation. From the moment the ship sails

until that in which a range of the cable is overhauled, or the chain is roused up in readiness to anchor, no smile illumines his face, no tone issues from his voice while on duty, but that of dogged routine—of submission to those above, or of snarling authority to those beneath him. As the hour for the “drink gelt,” or “buona manca,” approaches, however, he becomes gracious and smiling. On his first appearance in the pantry of a morning, he has a regular series of questions to answer, and for which, like the dutiful Zeluco, who wrote all his letters to his mother on the same day, varying the dates to suit the progress of time, he not unfrequently has a regular set of answers cut and dried, in his gastronomical mind. “How ’s the wind?” “How ’s the weather?” “How ’s her head?” all addressed to this standing almanack, are mere matters of course, for which he is quite prepared, though it is by no means unusual to hear him ordering a subordinate to go on deck, after the answer is given, with a view to ascertain the facts. It is only when the voice

of the captain is heard from his state-room, that he conceives himself bound to be very orthodox, or critical, though such is the tact of all connected with ships, that they instinctively detect the "know nothings," who are uniformly treated with an indifference suited to their culpable ignorance. Even the "old salt" on the forecastle has an instinct for a brother tar, though a passenger, and a due respect is paid to Neptune in answering his inquiries, while half the time the maiden traveller meets with a grave equivoque, a marvel, or a downright mystification.

On the first morning out, the steward of the *Montauk* commenced the dispensation of his news; for no sooner was he heard rattling the glasses, and shuffling plates in the pantry, than the attack was begun by Mr. Dodge, in whom "a laudable thirst after knowledge," as exemplified in putting questions, was rather a besetting principle. This gentleman had come out in the ship, as has been mentioned, and unfortunately for the interest of his propensity, not only the steward, but all on board, had,



as it is expressed in slang language, early taken the measure of his foot. The result of his present application was the following brief dialogue.

“Steward,” called out Mr. Dodge, through the blinds of his state-room; “whereabouts are we?”

“In the British Channel, sir.”

“I might have guessed that myself.”

“So, suppose, sir; nobody is better at guessing and divining than Mr. Dodge.”

“But in what part of the Channel are we, Saunders?”

“About the middle, sir.”

“How far have we come in the night?”

“From Portsmouth Roads to this place, sir.”

Mr. Dodge was satisfied, and the steward, who would not have dared to be so explicit with any other cabin-passenger, continued coolly to mix an omelette. The next attack was made from the same room, by Sir George Templemore.

“Steward, my good fellow, do you happen to know whereabouts we are?”

“Certainly, sir; the land is still quite obvious.”

“Are we getting on cleverly?”

“*Nicely*, sir;” with a mincing emphasis on the first word, that betrayed there was a little waggery about the grave-looking mulatto.

“And the sloop-of-war, steward?”

“Nicely too, sir.”

There was a shuffling in the state-room, followed by a silence. The door of Mr. Sharp’s room was now opened an inch or two, and the following questions issued through the crevice:

“Is the wind favourable, steward?”

“Just her character, sir.”

“Do you mean that the wind is favourable?”

“For the Montauk, sir; she’s a persuader in this breeze.”

“But is she going in the direction we wish?”

“If the gentleman wishes to perambulate America, it is probable he will get there with a little patience.”

Mr. Sharp pulled-to his door, and ten mi-

nutes passed without further questions ; the steward beginning to hope the morning catechism was over, though he grumbled a wish that gentlemen would "turn out" and take a look for themselves. Now, up to this moment, Saunders knew no more than those who had just been questioning him the particular situation of the ship, in which he floated as indifferent to the whereabouts and the winds, as men sail in the earth along its orbit, without bethinking them of parallaxes, nodes, ecliptics, and solstices. Aware that it was about time for the captain to be heard, he sent a subordinate on deck, with a view to be ready to meet the usual questions from his commander. A couple of minutes were sufficient to put him *au courant* of the real state of things. The next door that opened was that of Paul Blunt, however, who thrust his head into the cabin, with all his dark curls in the confusion of a night scene.

"Steward !"

"Sir."

"How's the wind?"

“Quite exhilarating, sir.”

“But, from what quarter?”

“About south, sir.”

“Is there much of it?”

“A prewailing breeze, sir.”

“And the sloop?”

“She ’s to leeward, sir, operating along as fast as she can.”

“Steward!”

“Sir,” stepping hurriedly out of his pantry, in order to hear more distinctly.

“Under what sail are we?”

“Topgallant sails, sir.”

“How’s her head?”

“West-south-west, sir.”

“Delicious! Any news of the rover?”

“Hull down to leeward, sir, and on our quarter.”

“Staggering along, eh?”

“Quite like a disguised person, sir.”

“Better still. Hurry along that breakfast of yours, sir; I ’m as hungry as a Troglo-dyte.”

The honest captain had caught this word

from a recent treatise against agrarianism, and having an acquired taste for orders in one sense, at least, he flattered himself with being what is called a Conservative; in other words, he had a strong relish for that maxim of the Scotch freebooter, which is rendered into English by the homely aphorism of "keep what you've got, and get what you can."

A cessation of the interrogatories took place, and soon after the passengers began to appear in the cabin, one by one. As the first step is almost invariably to go on deck, especially in good weather, in a few minutes nearly all of the last night's party was again assembled in the open air, a balm that none can appreciate but those who have experienced the pent atmosphere of a crowded vessel. The steward had rendered a faithful account of the state of the weather to the captain, who was now seen standing in the main-rigging, looking at the clouds to windward, and at the sloop-of-war to leeward, in the knowing manner of one who was making comparisons materially to the disadvantage of the latter

The day was fine, and the Montauk, bearing her canvass nobly, was, to use the steward's language, also staggering along, under everything that would draw, from her topgallant-sails down, with the wind near two points forward of the beam, or on an easy bowline. As there was but little sea, her rate was quite nine knots, though varying with the force of the wind. The cruiser had certainly followed them thus far, though doubts began to be entertained whether she was in chase, or merely bound like themselves to the westward; a course common to all vessels that wish to clear the Channel, even when it is intended to go south, as the rocks and tides of the French coast are inconvenient neighbours in long nights.

"Who knows, after all, that the cutter which tried to board us," asked the captain aloud, "belongs to the ship to leeward?"

"I know the boat, sir," answered the second mate; "and the ship is the Foam."

"Let her foam away, then, if she wishes to



“ speak us. Has any one tried her bearings, since daylight ?”

“ We set her by the compass at six o'clock, sir, and she has not varied her bearing, as far as from one belaying pin to another, in three hours ; but her hull rises fast : you can now make out her ports, and at daylight the bottom of her courses dipped.”

“ Ay, ay, she is a light-going Foam, then ! If that is the case, she will be alongside of us by night.”

“ In which event, captain, you will be obliged to give him a broadside of Vattel,” threw in John Effingham in his cool sarcastic manner.

“ If that will answer his errand, he is welcome to as much as he can carry. I begin to doubt, gentlemen, whether this fellow be not in earnest : in which case you may have an opportunity of witnessing how ships are handled when seamen have their management. I have no objection to setting the experience of a poor come-and-go sort of a fellow, like my-

self, in opposition to the geometry and Hamilton Moore of a young man-of-war's-man. I dare say, now, yonder chap is a lord, or a lord's progeny, while poor Jack Truck is just as you see him."

"Do you not think half-an-hour of compliance on our part might bring the matter to an amicable conclusion at once?" said Paul Blunt. "Were we to run down to him, the object of his pursuit could be determined in a few minutes."

"What! and abandon poor Davis to the rapacity of that rascally attorney?" generously exclaimed Sir George Templemore. "I would prefer paying the port-charges myself, for running into the handiest French port, and letting the honest fellow escape!"

"There is no probability that a cruiser would attempt to take a mere debtor from a foreign vessel on the open sea."

"If there were no tobacco in the world, Mr. Blunt, I might feel disposed to waive the categories, and show the gentleman that courtesy," returned the captain, who was pre-

paring another cigar. "But while the cruiser might not feel authorised to take an absconding debtor from this vessel, he might feel otherwise on the subject of tobacco, provided there has been an information for smuggling."

Captain Truck then explained, that the subordinates of the packets frequently got their ships into trouble, by taking adventures of the forbidden weed clandestinely into European ports, and that his ship, in such circumstances, would lose her place in the line, and derange all the plans of the company to which she belonged. He did the English government the justice to say, that it had always manifested a liberal disposition not to punish the innocent for the guilty; but were any such complaints actually in the wind, he thought he could settle it with much less loss to himself on his return, than on the day of sailing. While this explanation was delivered, a group had clustered round the speaker, leaving Eve and her party on the opposite side of the deck.

"This last speech of Mr. Blunt's quite

unsettles my opinion of his national character, as Vattel and our worthy captain would say," remarked Mr. Sharp. "Last night, I set him down as a right loyal American; but I think it would not be natural for a thorough-going countryman of yours, Miss Effingham, to propose this act of courtesy to a cruiser of King William."

"How far any countryman of mine, thorough-going or not, have reason to manifest extreme courtesy to any of your cruisers," Eve laughingly replied, "I shall leave to Captain Truck to say. But, with you, I have long been at a loss to determine whether Mr. Blunt is an Englishman or an American, or, indeed, whether he be either."

"Long, Miss Effingham! He then has the honour of being well known to you?"

Eve answered steadily, though the colour mounted to her brow; but whether from the impetuous exclamation of her companion, or from any feeling connected with the subject of their conversation, the young man was at a loss to discover.

“ Long as girls of twenty count time—some four or five years; but you may judge how well, when I tell you I am ignorant of his country even.”

“ And may I venture to ask which do you, yourself, give him credit for being, an American or an Englishman?”

Eve’s bright eyes laughed, as she answered, “ You have put the question with so much finesse, and with a politeness so well managed, that I should indeed be churlish to refuse an answer. Nay, do not interrupt me, and spoil all the good you have done by unnecessary protestations of sincerity.”

“ All I wish to say is, to ask an explanation of a finesse, of which I am quite as innocent as of any wish to draw down upon myself the visitations of your displeasure.”

“ Do you, then, really conceive it a *credit* to be an American?”

“ Nobody of less modesty than yourself, Miss Effingham, under all the circumstances, would dream of asking the question.”

“ I thank you for the civility, which must

be taken as it is offered, I presume, quite as a thing *en règle*; but to leave our fine opinions of each other, as well as our prejudices, out of the question—”

“ You will excuse me if I object to this, for I feel my good sense implicated. *You* can hardly attribute to me opinions so utterly unreasonable, so unworthy of a gentleman,—so unfounded, in short! Am I not incurring all the risks and hardships of a long sea-voyage, expressly to visit your great country, and, I trust, to improve by its example and society? ”

“ Since you appear to wish it, Mr. Sharp—” Eve glanced her playful eye up at him as she pronounced the name—“ I will be as credulous as a believer in animal magnetism; and that, I fancy, is pushing credulity to the verge of reason. It is now settled between us, that you do conceive it an honour to be an American, born, educated, and by extraction.”

“ All of which being the case with Miss Effingham.”

“ All but the second; indeed, they write



me fearful things concerning this European education of mine: some even go so far as to assure me I shall be quite unfitted to live in the society to which I properly belong !”

“ Europe will be rejoiced to receive you back again, in that case; and no European more so than myself.”

The beautiful colour deepened a little on the cheek of Eve,—but she made no immediate reply.

“ To return to our subject,” she at length said. “ Were I required to say, I should not be able to decide on the country of Mr. Blunt; nor have I ever met with any one who appeared to know. I saw him first in Germany, where he circulated in the best company; though no one seemed acquainted with his history, even there. He made a good figure; was quite at his ease; speaks several languages almost as well as the natives of the different countries themselves; and, altogether, was a subject of curiosity with those who had leisure to think of anything but their own dissipation and folly.”

Mr. Sharp listened with obvious gravity to the fair speaker, and had not her own eyes been fastened on the deck, she might have detected the lively interest betrayed in his. Perhaps the feeling which was at the bottom of all this, to a slight degree, influenced his answer.

“Quite an Admirable Crichton!”

“I do not say that, though certainly expert in tongues. My own rambling life has made me acquainted with a few languages, and I do assure you, this gentleman speaks three or four with almost equal readiness, and with no perceptible accent. I remember, at Vienna, many even believed him to be a German.”

“What! with the name of Blunt?”

Eve smiled, and her companion, who silently watched every expression of her varying countenance, as if to read her thoughts, noted it.

“Names signify little in these migratory times,” returned the young lady. “You have but to imagine a *von* before it, and it would pass at Dresden or at Berlin. Von

Blunt *der Edelgeborne Graf Von Blunt, Hof-rath*; or if you like it better, *Geheimer Rath mit Excellenz und eure Gnaden*."

"Or *Baw-Berg-Veg-Inspector-Substitute*!" added Mr. Sharp, laughing. "No, no! this will hardly pass. Blunt is a good old English name; but it has not finesse enough for Italian, German, Spanish, or anything else but for John Bull and his family."

"I see no necessity, for my part, for all this Bluntishness; the gentleman may think frankness a good travelling quality."

"Surely, he has not concealed his real name!"

"Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp;" rejoined Eve, laughing until her bright eyes danced with pleasure. "There would be something ridiculous, indeed, in seeing so much of the finesse of a master of ceremonies subjected to so profound a mystification! I have been told that passing introductions amount to little among you men, and this would be a case in point."

"I would I dared ask if it be really so."

“ Were I to be guilty of indiscretion in another’s case, you would not fail to distrust me in your own. I am, moreover, a protestant, and abjure auricular confessions.”

“ You will not frown if I inquire whether the rest of your party remember him ?”

“ My father, Mademoiselle Viefville, and the excellent Nanny Sidley, again; but, I think, none other of the servants, as he never visited us. Mr. John Effingham was travelling in Egypt at the time, and did not see him at all, and we only met in general society; Nanny’s acquaintance was merely that of seeing him check his horse in the Prater, to speak to us of a morning.”

“ Poor fellow, I pity him; he has, at least, never had the happiness of strolling on the islands of Cosmo and Lago Maggiore in your company, or of studying the wonders of the Pitti and the Vatican.”

“ If I must confess all, he journeyed with us on foot and in boats an entire month, among the wonders of the Oberland, and across the Wallenstadt. This was at a time when

we had no one with us but the regular guides and the German courier, who was discharged in London."

"Were it not for the impropriety of tampering with a servant, I would cross the deck and question your good Nanny, this moment!" said Mr. Sharp with playful menace. "Of all torture, that of suspense is the hardest to be borne."

"I grant you full permission, and acquit you of all sins, whether of disrespect, meanness, impertinence, ungentlemanlike practices, or any other vice that may be thought to attend and characterize the act."

"This formidable array of qualities would check the curiosity of a village gossip!"

"It has an effect I did not intend, then; I wish you to put your threat in execution."

"Not seriously, surely?"

"Never more so. Take a favourable moment to speak to the good soul, as an old acquaintance; she remembers you well, and by a little of that interrogating management you possess, a favourable opportunity may occur

to bring in the other subject. In the mean time, I will glance over the pages of this book."

As Eve began to read, Mr. Sharp perceived she was in earnest, and hesitating a moment in doubt of the propriety of the act, he yielded to her evident and expressed desire, and strolled carelessly towards the faithful old domestic. He addressed her indifferently at first, until believing he might go farther, he smilingly observed that he believed he had seen her in Italy. To this Nanny quietly assented, and when he indirectly added that it was under another name, she smiled, but merely intimated her consciousness of the fact, with a quick glance of the eye.

"You know that travellers assume names for the sake of avoiding curiosity," he added, "and I hope you will not betray me."

"You need not fear me, sir ; I meddle with little besides my own duty, and so long as Miss Eve appears to think there is no harm in it, I will venture to say it is no more than a gentleman's caprice."



“Why, that is the very word she applied to it herself. You have caught the term from Miss Effingham.”

“Well, sir, and if I have, it is caught from one who deals little harm to any.”

“I believe I am not the only one on board who travels under a false name, if the truth were known?”

Nanny looked first at the deck, then at her interrogator's face, next towards Mr. Blunt, withdrawing her eye again, as if guilty of an indiscretion, and finally at the sails. Perceiving her embarrassment, respecting her discretion, and ashamed of the task he had undertaken, Mr. Sharp said a few civil things suited to the condition of the woman, and sauntering about the deck for a short time, to avoid suspicion, soon found himself once more alongside of Eve. The latter inquired with her eyes, a little exultingly perhaps, concerning his success.

“I have failed,” he said; “but something must be ascribed to my own awkward diffidence; for there is so much meanness in tam-

pering with a servant, that I had not the heart to push my questions, even while I am devoured by curiosity."

"Your fastidiousness is not a disease with which all on board are afflicted, for there is at least one grand inquisitor among us, by what I can learn; so take heed to your sins, and above all be very guarded of old letters, marks, and other tell-tales, that usually expose impostors."

"To all that, I believe, sufficient care has already been had, by that other Dromio, my own man."

"And in what way do you share the name between you? Is it Dromio of Syracuse, and Dromio of Ephesus? or does John call himself Fitz-Edward, or Mortimer, or De Courcy?"

"He has complaisance enough to make the passage with nothing but a Christian name, I believe. In truth, it was by a mere accident that I turned usurper in this way. He took the state-room for me, and being required to give a name, he gave his own, as usual. When I went to the docks to look at the ship,

I was saluted as Mr. Sharp, and then the conceit took me of trying how it would wear for a month or six weeks. I would give the world to know if the *Geheimer Rath* got his cognomen in the same honest manner."

"I think not, as his man goes by the pungent title of Pepper. Unless poor John should have occasion for two names during the passage, you are reasonably safe. And, still, I think," continued Eve, biting her lips, like one who deliberated, "if it were any longer polite to bet, Mr. John Effingham would hazard all the French gloves in his trunks, against all the English finery in yours, that the inquisitor just hinted at gets at your secret before we arrive. Perhaps I ought rather to say, ascertains that you are not Mr. Sharp, and that Mr. Blunt is."

Her companion entreated her to point out the person to whom she had given the *sobriquet* she mentioned.

"Accuse me of giving nicknames to no one. The man has this title from Made-

moiselle Vieffville, and his own great deeds. It is a certain Mr. Steadfast Dodge, who, it seems, knows something of us, from the circumstance of living in the same county, and who, from knowing a little in this comprehensive manner, is desirous of knowing a great deal more."

"The natural result of all useful knowledge."

"Mr. John Effingham, who is apt to fling sarcasms at all lands, his native country included, affirms that this gentleman is but a fair specimen of many more it will be our fortune to meet in America. If so, we shall not long be strangers; for according to Mademoiselle Vieffville and my good Nanny, he has already communicated to them a thousand interesting particulars of himself, in exchange for which he asks no more than the reasonable compensation of having all his questions concerning us truly answered."

"This is certainly alarming intelligence, and I shall take heed accordingly."

"If he discover that John is without a sur-

name, I am far from certain he will not prepare to have him arraigned for some high crime or misdemeanour ; for Mr. John Effingham maintains that the besetting propensity of all this class is to divine the worst the moment their imaginations cease to be fed with facts. All is false with them, and it is flattery or accusation."

The approach of Mr. Blunt caused a cessation of the discourse, Eve betraying a slight degree of sensitiveness about admitting him to share in these little asides,—a circumstance that her companion observed, not without satisfaction. The discourse now became general, the person who joined them amusing the others with an account of several proposals already made by Mr. Dodge, which, as he expressed it, in making the relation, manifested the strong community characteristic of an American. The first proposition was to take a vote to ascertain whether Mr. Van Buren or Mr. Harrison was the greatest favourite of the passengers ; and, on this being defeated, owing to the total ignorance of so many on

board of both the parties he had named, he had suggested the expediency of establishing a society to ascertain daily the precise position of the ship. Captain Truck had thrown cold water on the last proposal, however, by adding to it what, among legislators, is called a "rider;" he having drily suggested that one of the duties of the said society should be to ascertain also the practicability of wading across the Atlantic.



## CHAPTER VII.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;  
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth :  
All may be well ; but if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

*Richard III.*

THESE conversations, however, were mere episodes of the great business of the passage. Throughout the morning, the master was busy in rating his mates, giving sharp reprimands to the stewards and cooks,—overhauling the log-line,—introducing the passengers,—seeing to the stowage of the anchors,—in getting down the signal-pole,—throwing in touches of Vattel, and otherwise superintending duty, and dispensing opinions. All this time, the cat in the grass does not watch the bird that hops along the ground

with keener vigilance than he kept his eye on the Foam. To an ordinary observer, the two ships presented the familiar spectacle of vessels sailing in the same direction, with a very equal rate of speed; and as the course was that necessary to clear the Channel, most of the passengers, and, indeed, the greater part of the crew, began to think the cruiser, like themselves, was merely bound to the westward. Mr. Truck, on the contrary, judging by signs and movements that more naturally suggested themselves to one accustomed to direct the evolutions of a ship, and to reason on their objects, than to the mere subjects of his will, thought differently. To him, the motive of the smallest change on board the sloop-of-war was as intelligible as if it had been explained in words, and he even foresaw many that were about to take place. Before noon, the Foam had got fairly abeam, and Mr. Leach, pointing out the circumstance, observed that if her wish was to overhaul them, she ought then to tack; it being a rule among seamen, that the pursuing vessel should

turn to windward as often as she found herself nearest to her chase. But the experience of Captain Truck taught him better; the tide was setting into the Channel on the flood, and the wind enabled both ships to take the current on their lee-bows, a power that forced them up to windward; whereas, by tacking, the Foam would receive the force of the stream on her weather broadside, or so nearly so, as to sweep her farther astern than her difference in speed could easily, or in season, repair.

“She has the heels of us, and she weathers on us, as it is,” grumbled the master; “and that might satisfy a man less modest. I have led the gentleman such a tramp already that he will be in none of the best humours when he comes alongside, and we may make up our minds on seeing Portsmouth again before we see New York, unless a slant of the wind, or the night, serve us a good turn. I trust, Leach, you have not been destroying your prospects in life by looking too wistfully at a tobacco-field?”

“Not I, sir; and if you will give me leave

to say it, Captain Truck, I do not think a plug has been landed from the ship, which did not go ashore in a *bona-fide* tobacco-box, that might appear in any court in England. The people will swear to a man that this is true."

"Ay, ay ! and the Barons of the Exchequer would be the greatest fools in England not to believe them. If there has been no defrauding the revenue, why does a cruiser follow this ship, a regular packet, to sea?"

"This affair of the steerage passenger, Davis, sir, is probably the cause. The man may be heavily in debt, or possibly a defaulter ; for these rogues, when they break down, often fall lower than the 'twixt-decks of a ship like this."

"This will do to put the quarter-deck and cabin in good humour at sailing, and give them something to open an acquaintance with ; but it is sawdust to none but your new-beginners. I have known that Seal this many a year, and the rogue never yet had a case that touched the quarter-deck. It is as the man and his wife say, and I'll not give them

up, out here in blue water, for as much foam as lies on Jersey beach after an easterly blow. It will not be any of the family of Davis that will satisfy yonder wind-eater; but he will lay his hand on the whole family of the Montauk, leaving them the agreeable alternative of going back to Portsmouth in his pleasant society, or to get out here in the mid-channel, and wade ashore as best they can. D—me! if I believe, Leach, that Vattel will bear the fellow out in it, even if there has been a whole hogshead of the leaves trundled into his island without a permit!”

To this Mr. Leach had no encouraging answer to make, for, like most of his class, he held practical force in much greater respect than the abstractions of books. He held it prudent, therefore, to be silent, though greatly doubting the efficacy of a quotation from any book on board, when fairly put in opposition to a written order from the admiral at Portsmouth, or even to a signal sent down from the Admiralty at London.

The day wore away, making a gradual

change in the relative positions of the two ships, though so slowly, as to give Captain Truck strong hopes of being able to dodge his pursuer in the coming night, which promised to be dark and squally. To return to Portsmouth was his full intention, but not until he had first delivered his freight and passengers in New York; for, like all men bound up body and soul in the performance of an especial duty, he looked on a frustration of his immediate object as a much greater calamity than even a double amount of more remote evil. Besides, he felt a strong reliance on the liberality of the English authorities in the end, and had little doubt of being able to extricate himself and ship from any penalties to which the indiscretion or cupidity of any of his subordinates might have rendered him liable.

Just as the sun dipped into the watery track of the Montauk, most of the cabin passengers again appeared on deck, to take a look at the situation of the two vessels, and to form their own conjectures as to the probable result of



the adventure. By this time the Foam had tacked twice, once to weather upon the wake of her chase, and again to resume her line of pursuit. The packet was too good a ship to be easily overtaken, and the cruiser was now nearly hull-down astern, but evidently coming up at a rate that would bring her alongside before morning. The wind blew in squalls, a circumstance that always aids a vessel of war, as the greater number of her hands enables sail to be made and shortened with ease and rapidity.

“The unsettled weather is as much as a mile an hour against us,” observed Captain Truck, who was far from pleased at the fact of his being outsailed by anything that floated; “and, if truth must be said, I think that fellow has somewhere about half a knot the best of it, in the way of foot, on a bowline and with this breeze. But he has no cargo in, and they trim these boats like steel-yards. Give us more wind, or a freer, and I would leave him to digest his orders, as a shark digests a marling-spike, or a ring-bolt, notwith-

standing all his advantages: for little good would it then do him to be trying to run into the wind's eye, like a steam-tug. As it is, we must submit. We are in a category, and be d—d to it!"

It was one of those wild-looking sunsets that are so frequent in the autumn, in which appearances are worse, perhaps, than the reality. The ships were now so near the Chops of the Channel that no land was visible, and the entire horizon presented that chill and wintry aspect that belongs to gloomy and driving clouds, to which streaks of dull light serve more to give an appearance of infinite space than any of the relief of brightness. It was a dreary night-fall to a landsman's eye; though they who better understood the signs of the heavens, as they are exhibited on the ocean, saw little more than the promise of obscurity, and the usual hazards of darkness in a much-frequented sea.

"This will be a dirty night," observed John Effingham, "and we may have occasion to

bring in some of the flaunting vanity of the ship, ere another morning returns."

"The vessel appears to be in good hands," returned Mr. Effingham: "I have watched them narrowly; for, I know not why, I have felt more anxiety on the occasion of this passage than on any of the nine I have already made."

As he spoke, the tender father unconsciously bent his eyes on Eve, who leaned affectionately on his arm, to steady her light form against the pitching of the vessel. She understood his feelings better than he did himself, possibly, since accustomed to his fondest care from childhood, she well knew that he seldom thought of others, or even of himself, while her own wants or safety appealed to his unwearying love.

"Father," she said, smiling in his wistful face, "we have seen more troubled waters than these, far, and in a much frailer vessel. Do you not remember the Wallenstadt and its miserable skiff? where I have heard you say

there was really danger, though we escaped from it all with a little fright."

"Perfectly well do I recollect it, love, nor have I forgotten our brave companion, and his good service, at that critical moment. But for his stout arm and timely succour we might not, as you say, have been quit for the fright."

Although Mr. Effingham looked only at his daughter, while speaking, Mr. Sharp, who listened with interest, saw the quick retreating glance of Eve at Paul Blunt, and felt something like a chill in his blood as he perceived that her own cheeks seemed to reflect the glow which appeared on that of the young man. He alone observed this secret evidence of common interest in some event in which both had evidently been actors, those around them being too much occupied in the arrangements of the ship, and too little suspicious, to heed the trifling circumstance. Captain Truck had ordered all hands called, to make sail, to the surprise of even the crew. The vessel, at the

moment, was staggering along under as much canvass as she could apparently bear, and the mates looked aloft with inquiring eyes, as if to ask what more could be done.

The master soon removed all doubts. With a rapidity that is not common in merchant ships, but which is usual enough in the packets, the lower studding-sails, and two topmast-studding-sails were prepared, and made ready for hoisting. As soon as the words "all ready" were uttered, the helm was put up, the sails were set, and the Montauk was running with a free wind towards the narrow passage between the Scilly Islands and the Land's End. Captain Truck was an expert channel pilot; from long practice, and keeping the run of the tides in his head, he had loosely calculated that his vessel had so much offing as, with a free wind, and the great progress she had made in the last twenty-four hours, would enable him to lay through the pass.

"'Tis a ticklish hole to run into in a dirty night, with a cracking breeze," he said, rub-

bing his hands as if the hazard increased his satisfaction, "and we will now see if this Foam has mettle enough to follow."

"The chap has a quick eye and good glasses, even though he should want nerve for the Scilly rocks," cried the mate, who was looking out from the mizen rigging. "There go his stun'-sails already, and a plenty of them !"

Sure enough the cruiser threw out her studying-sails, had them drawn and full in five minutes, and altered her course so as to follow the Montauk. There was now no longer any doubt concerning her object ; for it was hardly possible two vessels should adopt so bold a step as this, just at dark, and on such a night, unless the movements of one were regulated by the movements of the other.

In the mean time anxious faces began to appear on the quarter-deck, and Mr. Dodge was soon seen moving stealthily about among the passengers, whispering here, cornering there, and seemingly much occupied in canvassing opinions on the subject of the propriety of the



step that the master had just taken; though, if the truth must be told, he rather stimulated opposition than found others prepared to meet his wishes. When he thought, however, he had collected a sufficient number of suffrages to venture on an experiment, that nothing but an inherent aversion to shipwreck and a watery grave could embolden him to make, he politely invited the captain to a private conference in the state-room, occupied by himself and Sir George Templemore. Changing the *venue*, as the lawyers term it, to his own little apartment,—no master of a packet willingly consenting to transact business in any other place—Captain Truck, who was out of cigars at the moment, very willingly assented.

When the two were seated, and the door of the room was closed, Mr. Dodge carefully snuffed the candle, looked about him to make sure there was no eave's-dropper in a room eight feet by seven, and then commenced his subject, with what he conceived to be a commendable delicacy and discretion.

“Captain Truck,” he said, in the sort of

low confidential tone that denotes equally concern and mystery, "I think by this time you must have set me down as one of your warm and true friends and supporters. I came out in your ship, and please God we escape the perils of the seas, it is my hope and intention to return home in her."

"If not, friend Dodge," returned the master, observing that the other paused to note the effect of his peroration, and using a familiarity in his address that the acquaintance of the former passage had taught him was not misapplied; "if not, friend Dodge, you have made a capital mistake in getting on board of her, as it is by no means probable an occasion will offer to get out of her, until we fall in with a news-boat, or a pilot-boat, at least somewhere in the latitude and longitude of Sandy Hook. You smoke, I believe, sir?"

"I ask no better," returned Steadfast, declining the offer; "I have told every one on the Continent,"—Mr. Dodge had been to Paris, Geneva, along the Rhine, and through Belgium and Holland, and in his eyes, this was the Con-

tinent,—“that no better ship or better captain sails the ocean ; and you know, captain, I have a way with me, when I please, that causes what I say to be remembered. Why, my dear sir, I had an article extolling the whole line in the most appropriate terms, and this ship in particular, put into the journal at Rotterdam. It was so well done that not a soul suspected it came from a personal friend of yours.”

The captain was rolling the small end of a cigar in his mouth to prepare it for smoking, the regulations of the ship forbidding any further indulgence below ; but when he received this assurance, he withdrew the tobacco with the sort of mystifying simplicity that gets to be a second nature with a regular votary of Neptune, and answered with a coolness of manner that was in ludicrous contrast to the affected astonishment of the words :—

“The devil you did !—Was it in good Dutch ?”

“I do not understand much of the language,” said Mr. Dodge hesitatingly ; for all he knew, in truth, was *yaw* and *neen*, and

neither of these particularly well ;—“ but it looked to be uncommonly well expressed. I could do no more than pay a man to translate it. But, to return to this affair of running in among the Scilly Islands such a night as this.”

“ Return, my good fellow ! this is the first syllable you have said about the matter !”

“ Concern on your account has caused me to forget myself. To be frank with you, Captain Truck, and if I wer’n’t your very best friend I should be silent, there is considerable excitement getting up about this matter.”

“ Excitement ! what is that like ?—a sort of moral head-sea, do you mean ?”

“ Precisely : and I must tell you the truth, though I had rather a thousand times not ; but this change in the ship’s course is monstrous unpopular !”

“ That is bad news, with a vengeance, Mr. Dodge ; I shall rely on you, as an old friend, to get up an opposition.”

“ My dear captain, I have done all I could

in that way already ; but I never met with people so bent on a thing as most of the passengers. The Effinghams are very decided, though so purse-proud and grand ; Sir George Templemore declares it is quite extraordinary, and even the French lady is furious. To be as sincere as the crisis demands, public opinion is setting so strong against you, that I expect an explosion."

" Well, so long as the tide sets in my favour, I must endeavour to bear it. Stemming a current, in or out of water, is up-hill work ; but with a good bottom, clean copper, and plenty of wind, it may be done."

" It would not surprise me were the gentlemen to appeal to the general sentiment against you when we arrive, and make a handle of it against all of your line !"

" It may be so indeed ; but what can be done ? If we return, the Englishman will certainly catch us, and, in that case, my own opinion would be dead against me !"

" Well, well, captain ; I thought as a friend I would speak my mind. If this thing should

really get into the papers in America, it would spread like fire in the prairies. You know what the papers are, I trust, Captain Truck?"

"I rather think I do, Mr. Dodge, with many thanks for your hints, and I believe I know what the Scilly Islands are too. The elections will be nearly or quite over by the time we get in, and, thank God, they'll not be apt to make a party question of it, this fall at least. In the mean time rely on my keeping a good look-out for the shoals of popularity, and the quicksands of excitement. You smoke sometimes, I know, and I can recommend this cigar as fit to regale the nose of that chap of Strasbourg—you read your Bible, I know, Mr. Dodge, and need not be told whom I mean. The steward will be happy to give you a light on deck, sir."

In this manner, Captain Truck, with the *sang froid* of an old tar, and the tact of a packet-master, got rid of his troublesome visitor, who departed, half suspecting that he had been quizzed, but still ruminating on the expediency of getting up a committee, or at



least a public meeting in the cabin, to follow up the blow. By the aid of the latter, could he but persuade Mr. Effingham to take the chair, and Sir George Templemore to act as secretary, he thought he might escape a sleepless night, and, what was of quite as much importance, make a figure in a paragraph on reaching home.

Mr. Dodge, whose Christian name, thanks to a pious ancestry, was Steadfast, partook of the qualities that his two appellations not inaptly expressed. There was a singular profession of steadiness of purpose, and of high principle about him, all of which vanished in Dodge at the close. A great stickler for the rights of the people, he never considered that this people was composed of so many integral parts, but he viewed all things as gravitating towards the great aggregation. Majorities were his hobbies, and though singularly timid as an individual, or when in the minority, put him on the strongest side and he was ready to face the devil. In short, Mr. Dodge was a people's man, because his strongest desire, his

“ambition and his pride,” as he often expressed it, was to be a man of the people. In his particular neighbourhood, at home, sentiment ran in veins, like gold in the mines, or in streaks of public opinion, and though there might be three or four of these public sentiments, so long as each had its party, no one was afraid to avow it; but as for maintaining a notion that was not thus upheld, there was a savour of aristocracy about it that would damn even a mathematical proposition, though regularly solved and proved. So much and so long had Mr. Dodge respired a moral atmosphere of this community-character and gregarious propensity, that he had, in many things, lost all sense of his individuality; as much so, in fact, as if he breathed with a pair of county lungs, ate with a common mouth, drank from the town-pump, and slept in the open air.

Such a man was not very likely to make an impression on Captain Truck, one accustomed to rely on himself alone, in the face of warring elements, and who knew that a ship could not

safely have more than a single will, and that the will of her master.

The accidents of life could scarcely form extremes of character more remote than that of Stedfast Dodge and that of John Truck. The first never did anything beyond acts of the most ordinary kind, without first weighing its probable effect in the neighbourhood, its popularity or unpopularity ; how it might tally with the different public opinions that were whiffing through the county ; in what manner it would influence the next election, and whether it would be likely to elevate him or depress him in the public mind. No Asiatic slave stood more in terror of a vindictive master than Mr. Dodge stood in fear and trembling before the reproofs, comments, censures, frowns, cavillings and remarks of every man in his county, who happened to belong to the political party that just at that moment was in power. As to the minority, he was as brave as a lion, could snap his fingers at them, and was foremost in deriding and scoffing at all they said and did.

This, however, was in connexion with politics only ; for the instant party-drill ceased to be of value, Steadfast's valour oozed out of his composition, and in all other things he dutifully consulted every public opinion of the neighbourhood. This estimable man had his weak points as well as another, and what is more, he was quite sensible of them, as was proved by a most jealous watchfulness of his besetting sins, in the way of exposure if not of indulgence. In a word, Steadfast Dodge was a man that wished to meddle with and control all things, without possessing precisely the spirit that was necessary to leave him master of himself ; he had a rabid desire for the good opinion of every thing human, without always taking the means necessary to preserve his own ; was a stout declaimer for the rights of the community, while forgetting that the community itself is but a means set up for the accomplishment of a given end ; and felt an inward and profound respect for everything that was beyond his reach, which manifested itself, not in manly

efforts to attain the forbidden fruit, but rather in a spirit of opposition and detraction, that only betrayed, through its jealousy, the existence of the feeling, which jealousy, however, he affected to conceal under an intense regard for popular rights, since he was apt to aver it was quite intolerable that any man should possess anything, even to qualities, in which his neighbour might not properly participate. All these, moreover, and many similar traits, Mr. Dodge encouraged in the spirit of liberty !

On the other hand, John Truck sailed his own ship, was civil to his passengers from habit as well as policy, knew that every vessel must have a captain ; believed mankind to be little better than asses ; took his own observations, and cared not a straw for those of his mates ; was never more bent on following his own views than when all hands grumbled and opposed him ; was daring by nature, decided from use and long self-reliance, and was every way a man fitted to steer his bark through the

trackless ways of life, as well as those of the ocean. It was fortunate for one in his particular position, that nature had made the possessor of so much self-will and temporary authority, cool and sarcastic rather than hot-headed and violent, and of this circumstance Mr. Dodge in particular had frequent occasion for felicitation.



## CHAPTER VIII.

But then are we in order, when we are  
Most out of order.

*Jack Cade.*

DISAPPOINTED in his private appeal to the captain's dread of popular disapprobation, Mr. Dodge returned to his secret work on deck; for, like a true freeman of the exclusive school, this person never presumed to work openly, unless sustained by a clear majority; canvassing all around him, and striving hard to create a public opinion, as he termed it, on his side of the question, by persuading his hearers that every one was of his particular way of thinking already; a method of exciting a feeling much practised by partisans of his school. In the interval, Captain Truck was working up

his day's reckoning by himself, in his own state-room, thinking little, and caring less, about anything but the results of his figures, which soon convinced him, that by standing a few hours longer on his present course, he should "plump his ship ashore" somewhere between Falmouth and the Lizard.

This discovery annoyed the worthy master so much the more, on account of the suggestions of his late visitor; for nothing could be less to his taste than to have the appearance of altering his determination under a menace. Still something must be done before midnight, for he plainly perceived that thirty or forty miles, at the farthest, would fetch the Montauk up, on her present course. The passengers had left the deck to escape the night air, and he heard the Effinghams inviting Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt into the ladies' cabin, which had been taken expressly for their party, while the others were calling upon the stewards for the usual allowance of hot drinks, at the dining-table without. The talking and noise disturbed him; his own state-room became too

confined, and he went on deck to come to his decision, in view of the angry-looking skies and the watery waste, over which he was called to prevail. Here we shall leave him, pacing the quarter-deck, in moody silence alone, too much disturbed to smoke even, while the mate of the watch sat in the mizen-rigging, like a monkey, keeping a look-out to windward and ahead. In the mean time, we will return to the cabin of the Effinghams.

The Montauk was one of the noblest of those surpassingly beautiful and yacht-like ships that now ply between the two hemispheres in such numbers, and in which luxury and the fitting conveniences seem to vie with each other for the mastery. The cabins were lined with satin-wood and bird's-eye maple; small marble columns separated the glittering panels of polished wood, and rich carpets covered the floors. The main cabin had the great table, as a fixture, in the centre, but that of Eve, somewhat shorter, but of equal width, was free from all encumbrance of the sort. It had its sofas, cushions, mirrors, stools,

tables, and an upright piano. The doors of the state-rooms, and other conveniences, opened on its sides and ends. In short, it presented, at that hour, the resemblance of a tasteful boudoir, rather than that of an apartment in a cramped and vulgar ship.

Here, then, all who properly belonged to the place were assembled, with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt as guests, when a tap at the door announced another visitor. It was Mr. Dodge begging to be admitted on a matter of business. Eve smiled, as she bowed assent to old Nanny, who acted as her groom of the chambers, and hastily expressed a belief that her guest must have come with a proposal to form a Dorcas society.

Although Mr. Dodge was as bold as Cæsar in expressing his contempt of anything but popular sway, he never came into the presence of the quiet and well-bred without a feeling of distrust and uneasiness, that had its rise in the simple circumstance of his not being used to their company. Indeed, there is nothing more appalling, in general, to the

vulgar and pretending, than the simplicity and natural ease of the refined. Their own notions of elegance lie so much on the surface, that they seem at first to suspect an ambush, and it is probable that, finding so much repose where agreeably to their preconceived opinions all ought to be fuss and pretension, they imagine themselves to be regarded as intruders.

Mr. Effingham gave their visitor a polite reception, and one that was marked with a little more than the usual formality, by way of letting it be understood that the apartment was private; a precaution that he knew was very necessary in associating with tempers like those of Steadfast. All this was thrown away on Mr. Dodge, notwithstanding every other person present admired the tact with which the host kept his guest at a distance, by extreme attention; for the latter fancied so much ceremony was but a homage to his claims. It had the effect to put him on his own good behaviour, however, and of suspending the brusque manner in which he had intended to broach his subject. As everybody

waited in calm silence, as if expecting an explanation of the cause of this visit, Mr. Dodge felt himself constrained to say something, though it might not be quite as clear as he could wish it were.

“ We have had a considerable pleasant time, Miss Effingham, since we sailed from Portsmouth,” he observed familiarly. Eve bowed her assent, determined not to take to herself a visit that did violence to all her habits and notions of propriety. But Mr. Dodge was too obtuse to feel the hint conveyed in mere reserve of manner. “ It would have been more agreeable, I allow, had not this man-of-war taken it into her head to follow us in this unprecedented manner.” Mr. Dodge was as fond of his dictionary as the steward, though he belonged to the political, while Saunders merely became the polite school of talkers. “ Sir George calls it a most ‘ uncomfortable procedure.’ You know Sir George Templemore, without doubt, Miss Effingham ?”

“ I am aware there is a person of that name on board, sir,” returned Eve, who recoiled



from this familiarity with the sensitiveness with which a well-educated female distinguishes between one who appreciates her character and one who does not ; “ but have never had the honour of his acquaintance.”

Mr. Dodge thought all this extraordinary, for he had witnessed Captain Truck’s introduction, and did not understand how people who had sailed twenty-four hours in the same ship, and had been fairly introduced, should not be intimate. As for himself, he fancied he was, what he termed, “ well acquainted” with the Effinghams, from having talked of them a great deal ignorantly, and not a little maliciously ; a liberty he felt himself fully entitled to take, from the circumstance of residing in the same county, although he had never spoken to one of the family, until accident placed him in their company on board the same vessel.

“ Sir George is a gentleman of great accomplishments, Miss Effingham, I assure you ; a man of unqualified merit. We have the same state-room, for I like company, and prefer

chatting a little in my berth to being always asleep. He is a baronet, I suppose you know, —not that I care anything for titles, all men being equal in truth, though—though——”

“—Unequal in reality, sir, you probably meant to add,” observed John Effingham, who was lolling on Eve’s workstand, his eagle-shaped face fairly curling with the contempt he felt, and which he hardly cared to conceal.

“Surely not, sir!” exclaimed the terrified Steadfast, looking furtively about, lest some active enemy might be at hand to quote this unhappy remark to his prejudice. “Surely not! men are every way equal, and no one can pretend to be better than another. No, no,—it is nothing to me that Sir George is a baronet; though one would prefer having a gentleman in the same state-room to having a coarse fellow. Sir George thinks, sir, that the ship is running into great danger by steering for the land in so dark a night, and in such *dirty* weather. He *has* many out-of-the-way expressions, Sir George,

I must admit, for one of his rank; he calls the weather *dirty*, and the proceedings *uncomfortable*; modes of expression, gentlemen, to which I give an unqualified disapprobation."

"Probably Sir George would attach more importance to a *qualified* disapprobation," retorted John Effingham.

"Quite likely," returned Mr. Dodge innocently, though the two other visitors, Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville permitted slight muscular movements of the lips to be seen: "Sir George is quite an original in his way. We have few originals in our part of the country, you know, Mr. John Effingham; for to say the truth, it is rather unpopular to differ from the neighbourhood, in this or any other respect. Yes, sir, the people will rule, and ought to rule. Still, I think Sir George may get along well enough as a stranger, for it is not quite as unpopular in a stranger to be original, as in a native. I think you will agree with me, sir, in believing it excessively presuming in an American to pretend to be different from his fellow-citizens."

“No one, sir, could entertain such presumption, I am persuaded, in your case.”

“No, sir, I do not speak from personal motives ; but on great general principles, that are to be maintained for the good of mankind. I do not know that any man has a right to be peculiar in a free country. It is aristocratic, and has an air of thinking one man is better than another. I am sure Mr. Effingham cannot approve of it?”

“Perhaps not. Freedom has many arbitrary laws that it will not do to violate.”

“Certainly, sir, or where would be its supremacy. If the people cannot control and look down peculiarity, or anything they dislike, one might as well live in a despotism at once.”

“As I have resided much abroad, of late years, Mr. Dodge,” inquired Eve, who was fearful her kinsman would give some cut that would prove to be past bearing, as she saw his eye was menacing, and who felt a disposition to be amused at the other’s philosophy, that overcame the attraction of repulsion she

had at first experienced towards him — “will you favour me with some of those great principles of liberty of which I hear so much, but which, I fear, have been overlooked by my European instructors?”

Mademoiselle Viefville looked grave; Messrs. Sharp and Blunt delighted; Mr. Dodge, himself, mystified.

“I should feel myself little able to instruct Miss Effingham on such a subject,” the latter modestly replied, “as no doubt she has seen too much misery in the nations she has visited, not to appreciate justly all the advantages of that happy country which has the honour of claiming her for one of its fair daughters.”

Eve was terrified at her own temerity, for she was far from anticipating so high a flight of eloquence in return for her own simple request, but it was too late to retreat.

“None of the many illustrious and god-like men that our own beloved land has produced can pretend to more zeal in its behalf than myself, but I fear my abilities to do it justice will fall far short of the subject,” he con-

tinued. "Liberty, as you know, Miss Effingham, as you well know, gentlemen, is a boon that merits our unqualified gratitude, and which calls for our daily and hourly thanks to the gallant spirits who, in the days that tried men's souls, were foremost in the tented field, and in the councils of the nation."

John Effingham turned a glance at Eve that seemed to tell her how unequal she was to the task she had undertaken, and which promised a rescue, with her consent; a condition that the young lady most gladly complied with in the same silent but expressive manner.

"Of all this my young kinswoman is properly sensible, Mr. Dodge," he said by way of diversion; "but she, and I confess I myself, have some little perplexity on the subject of what this liberty is, about which so much has been said and written in our time. Permit me to inquire, if you understand by it a perfect independence of thought, action, and rights?"

"Equal laws, equal rights, equality in all



respects, and pure, abstract, unqualified liberty, beyond all question, sir."

"What, a power in the strong man to beat the little man, and to take away his dinner?"

"By no means, sir; Heaven forbid that I should maintain any such doctrine! It means entire liberty: no kings, no aristocrats, no exclusive privileges; but one man as good as another!"

"Do you understand, then, that one man is as good as another, under our system, Mr. Dodge?"

"Unqualifiedly so, sir; I am amazed that such a question should be put by a gentleman of your information, in an age like this!"

"If one man is as good as another," said Mr. Blunt, who perceived that John Effingham was biting his lips, a sign that something more biting would follow,—“will you do me the favour to inform me, why the country puts itself to the trouble and expense of the annual elections?"

"Elections, sir! In what manner could free institutions flourish, or be maintained without

constantly appealing to the people, the only true sources of power?"

"To this I make no objections, Mr. Dodge," returned the young man, smiling; "but why an election; if one man is as good as another, a lottery would be cheaper, easier, and sooner settled. Why an election, or even a lottery, at all? why not choose the President as the Persians chose their king, by the neighing of a horse?"

"This would be indeed an extraordinary mode of proceeding for an intelligent and virtuous people, Mr. Blunt; and I must take the liberty of saying that I suspect you of pleasantries. If you wish an answer, I will say, at once, by such a process we might get a knave, or a fool, or a traitor."

"How, Mr. Dodge! I did not expect this character of the country from you! Are the Americans, then, all fools, or knaves, or traitors?"

"If you intend to travel much in our country, sir, I would advise great caution in throwing out such an insinuation, for it would

be apt to meet with a very general and unqualified disapprobation. Americans are enlightened and free, and as far from deserving these epithets as any people on earth."

"And yet the fact follows from your own theory. If one man is as good as another, and any one of them is a fool, or a knave, or a traitor,—all are knaves, or fools, or traitors! The insinuation is not mine, but it follows, I think, inevitably, as a consequence of your own proposition."

In the pause that succeeded, Mr. Sharp said in a low voice to Eve, "He is an Englishman, after all!"

"Mr. Dodge does not mean that one man is as good as another in that particular sense," Mr. Effingham kindly interposed, in his quality of host; "his views are less general, I fancy, than his words would give us, at first, reason to suppose."

"Very true, Mr. Effingham, very true, sir; one man is not as good as another in that particular sense, or in the sense of elections, but in all other senses. Yes, sir," turning

towards Mr. Blunt again, as one renews the attack on an antagonist, who has given a fall, after taking breath ; “in all other senses, one man is unqualifiedly as good as another. One man has the same rights as another.”

“The slave as the freeman?”

“The slaves are exceptions, sir. But in the free states, except in the case of elections, one man is as good as another in all things. That is our meaning, and any other principle would be unqualifiedly unpopular.”

“Can one man make a shoe as well as another?”

“Of rights, sir,—I stick to the rights, you will remember.”

“Has the minor the same rights as the man of full age ; the apprentice as the master ; the vagabond as the resident ; the man who cannot pay as the man who can?”

“No, sir, not in that sense either. You do not understand me, sir, I fear. All that I mean is, that in particular things, one man is as good as another in America. This is American doctrine, though it may not happen to

be English, and I flatter myself will stand the test of the strictest investigation."

"And you will allow me to inquire where this is not the case in particular things. If you mean to say that there are fewer privileges accorded to the accidents of birth, or to fortune and station in America, than is usual in other countries, we shall agree; but I think it will hardly do to say there are none!"

"Privileges accorded to birth in America, sir! The idea would be odious to her people!"

"Does not the child inherit the property of the father?"

"Most assuredly; but this can hardly be termed a privilege."

"That may depend a good deal on taste. I should account it a greater privilege than to inherit a title without the fortune."

"I perceive, gentlemen, that we do not perfectly understand each other, and I must postpone the discussion to a more favourable opportunity; for I confess great uneasiness at this decision of the captain's, about steering in

among the rocks of Scilla." (Mr. Dodge was not as clear-headed as common, in consequence of the controversy that had just occurred.) "I challenge you to renew the subject another time, gentlemen. I only happened in" (another peculiarity of diction in this gentleman) "to make a first call, for I suppose there is no exclusion in an American ship?"

"None whatever, sir," Mr. John Effingham coldly answered. "All the state rooms are in common, and I propose to seize an early occasion to return this compliment, by making myself at home in the apartment which has the honour to lodge Mr. Dodge and Sir George Templemore."

Here Mr. Dodge beat a retreat, without touching at all on his real errand. Instead of even following up the matter with the other passengers, he got into a corner, with one or two congenial spirits, who had taken great offence that the Effinghams should presume to retire into their cabin, and particularly that they should have the extreme aristocratical audacity to shut the door, where he continued



pouring into the greedy ears of his companions his own history of the recent dialogue, in which, according to his own account of the matter, he had completely gotten the better of that "young upstart, Blunt," a man of whom he knew positively nothing,—divers anecdotes of the Effingham family, that came of the lowest and most idle gossip of rustic malignancy, and his own vague and confused notions of the rights of persons and of things.

Very different was the conversation that ensued in the ladies' cabin, after the welcome disappearance of the uninvited guest. Not a remark of any sort was made on his intrusion or on his folly; even John Effingham, little addicted in common to forbearance, being too proud to waste his breath on so low game, and too well taught to open upon a man the moment his back was turned. But the subject was continued, and in a manner better suited to the education, intelligence, and views of the several speakers.

Eve said but little, though she ventured to ask a question now and then; Mr. Sharp and

Mr. Blunt being the principal supporters of the discourse, with an occasional quiet, discreet remark from the young lady's father, and a sarcasm, now and then, from John Effingham. Mr. Blunt, though advancing his opinions with diffidence, and with a proper deference for the greater experience of the two elder gentlemen, soon made his superiority apparent, the subject proving to be one on which he had evidently thought a great deal, and that too with a discrimination and originality that are far from common.

He pointed out the errors that are usually made on the subject of the institutions of the American Union, by confounding the effects of the general government with those of the separate states; and he clearly demonstrated that the Confederation itself had, in reality, no distinctive character of its own, even for or against liberty. It was a confederation, and got its character from the characters of its several parts, which of themselves were independent of all things, on the important point of distinctive principles, with the exception of

the vague general provision that they must be republics ; a provision that meant anything, or nothing, so far as true liberty was concerned, as each state might decide for itself.

“ The character of the American government is to be sought in the characters of the state governments,” he concluded, “ which vary with their respective policies. It is in this way that communities that hold one half of their numbers in domestic bondage are found tied up in the same political *fascies* with other communities of the most democratic institutions. The general government assures neither liberty of speech, liberty of conscience, action, nor of anything else, except as against itself ; a provision that is quite unnecessary, as it is purely a government of delegated powers, and has no authority to act at all on these interests.”

“ This is very different from the general impression in Europe,” observed Mr. Sharp ; “ and as I perceive I have the good fortune to be thrown into the society of an American, if not an *American lawyer*, able to enlighten my

ignorance on these interesting topics, I hope to be permitted, during some of the idle moments, of which we are likely to have many, to profit by it."

The other coloured, bowed to the compliment, but appeared to hesitate before he answered. "'Tis not absolutely necessary to be an American by birth," he said, "as I have already had occasion to observe, in order to understand the institutions of the country, and I might possibly mislead you were you to fancy that a native was your instructor. I have often been in the country, however, if not born in it, and few young men, on this side of the Atlantic, have had their attention pointed with so much earnestness to all that affects it as myself."

"I was in hopes we had the honour of including you among our countrymen," observed John Effingham, with evident disappointment. "So many young men come abroad disposed to cavil with foreign excellences, of which they know nothing, or to concede so many of our own, in the true spirit of

serviles, that I was flattering myself I had at last found an exception."

Eve also felt regret, though she hardly avowed to herself the reason why.

"He is, then, an Englishman, after all!" said Mr. Sharp, in another aside.

"Why not a German—or a Swiss—or even a Russian?"

"His English is perfect; no continental could speak so fluently, with such a choice of words, so totally without an accent, without an effort. As Mademoiselle Viefville says, he does not speak well enough for a foreigner."

Eve was silent, for she was thinking of the singular manner in which a conversation so oddly commenced, had brought about an explanation on a point that had often given her many doubts. Twenty times had she decided in her own mind that this young man, whom she could properly call neither stranger nor acquaintance, was a countryman, and as often had she been led to change her opinion. He had now been explicit, she thought, and she felt compelled to set him down as a European,

though not disposed, still, to believe he was an Englishman. For this latter notion, she had reasons it might not have done to give to a native of the island they had just left, as she knew to be the fact with Mr. Sharp.

Music succeeded this conversation, Eve having taken the precaution to have the piano tuned before quitting port, an expedient we would recommend to all who have a regard for the instrument that extends beyond its outside, or even for their own ears. John Effingham executed brilliantly on the violin; and, as it appeared on inquiry, the two younger gentlemen performed respectably on the flute, flageolet, and one or two other wind instruments. We shall leave them doing great justice to Beethoven, Rossini, and Mayerbeer, whose compositions Mr. Dodge did not fail to sneer at in the outer cabin, as affected and altogether unworthy of attention, and return on deck to the company of the anxious master.

Captain Truck had continued moodily to pace the deck alone during the whole evening, and he only seemed to come to a recollection



of himself when the relief passed him on his way to the wheel, at eight bells. Inquiring the hour, he got into the mizen rigging, with a night-glass, and swept the horizon in search of the Foam. Nothing could be made out, the darkness having settled upon the water in a way to circumscribe the visible horizon to very narrow limits.

"This may do," he muttered to himself, as he swung off by a rope, and alighted again on the planks of the deck. Mr. Leach was summoned, and an order was passed for the relieved watch to remain on deck for duty.

When all was ready, the first mate went through the ship, seeing that all the candles were extinguished, or that the hoods were drawn over the sky-lights, in such a way as to conceal any rays that might gleam upwards from the cabins. At the same time attention was paid to the binnacle-lamp. This precaution observed, the people went to work to reduce the sail, and in the course of twenty minutes they had got in the studding-sails, and all the standing canvass to the topsails, the

fore-course, and a forward staysail. The three topsails were then reefed, with sundry urgent commands to the crew to be active. "The Englishman coming up like a horse, all this time, no doubt."

This much effected, the hands returned on deck, as much amazed at the several arrangements as if the order had been to cut away the masts.

"If we had a few guns, and were a little stronger-handed," growled an old salt to the second-mate, as he hitched up his trousers, and rolled over his quid, "I should think the hard one, aft, had been stripping for a fight; but as it is, we have nothing to carry on the war with, unless we throw sea-biscuits into the enemy!"

"Stand by to ware!" called out the captain from the quarter-deck.

The men sprang to the braces, and the bows of the ship fell off gradually, as the yards yielded slowly to the drag. In a minute the Montauk was rolling dead before it, and her broadside came sweeping up to the wind with

the ship's head to the eastward. This new direction in the course had the double effect of hauling off the land, and of diverging at more than right angles from the line of sailing of the Foam, if that ship still continued in pursuit. The seamen nodded their heads at each other in approbation, for all now as well understood the meaning of the change as if it had been explained to them verbally.

The revolution on deck produced as sudden a revolution below. The ship was no longer running easily on an even keel, but was pitching violently into a head-beating sea, and the wind, which a few minutes before, was scarcely felt to blow, was now whistling its hundred strains among the cordage. Some sought their berths, among whom were Mr. Sharp and Mr. Dodge; some hurried up the stairs to learn the reason, and all broke up their avocations for the night.

Captain Truck had the usual number of questions to answer, which he did in the following succinct and graphic manner, a reply that we hope will prove as satisfactory to the

reader, as it was made, perforce, to be satisfactory to the curious on board.

“Had we stood on an hour longer, gentlemen, we should have been lost on the coast of Cornwall!” he said, pithily: “had we stopped where we were, the sloop-of-war would have been down upon us in twenty minutes: by changing the course, in the way you have seen, he may get to leeward of us; if he find it out, he may change his own course, in the dark being as likely to go wrong as to go right; or he may stand in, and set up the ribs of his majesty’s ship Foam to dry among the rocks of the Lizard, where I hope all her people will get safely ashore, dry shod.”

“After waiting the result anxiously for an hour, the passengers retired to their rooms one by one; but Captain Truck did not quit the deck until the middle watch was set. Paul Blunt heard him enter his state-room, which was next to his own, and putting out his head, he inquired the news above. The worthy master had discovered something about this young man which created a respect for his

nautical information, for he never misapplied a term, and he invariably answered all his questions promptly, and with respect.

“ Dirtier, and dirtier,” he said, in defiance of Mr. Dodge’s judgment in language, pulling off his pea-jacket, and laying aside his sou’-wester, “ a cap-full of wind, with just enough drizzle to take the comfort out of a man, and lacker him down like a boot.”

“ The ship has gone about ?”

“ Like a dancing-master with two toes. We have got her head to southward and westward again; another reef in the topsails,” (which word Mr. Truck pronounced *torsails*, with great unction), “ England well under our lee, and the Atlantic ocean right before us. Six hours on this course, and we make a fair wind of it.”

“ And the sloop ?”

“ Well, Mr. Blunt, I can give no direct account of her. She has dropped in along-shore, I suspect, where she is clawing off, like a boy climbing a hillock of ice on his hands and knees; or is flying about among the other

*foam*, somewhere in the latitude of the Lizard. An easy pillow to you, Mr. Blunt, and no tacking till the first nap's up."

"And the poor wretches in the Foam?"

"Why, the Lord have mercy on their souls!"



## CHAPTER IX.

The moon was now  
Rising full orb'd, but broken by a cloud.  
The wind was hushed, and the sea mirror-like.

*Italy.*

Most of the passengers appeared on deck soon after Saunders was heard rattling again among his glasses. The day was sufficiently advanced to allow a distinct view of all that was passing, and the wind had shifted. The change had not occurred more than ten minutes, and as most of the inmates of the cabin poured up the cabin-stairs nearly in a body, Mr. Leach had just got through with the necessary operation of laying the yards about, for the breeze, which was coming stiff, now blew from the north-east. No land was visible, and the mate was just giving his

opinion that they were up with Scilly, as Captain Truck appeared in the group.

One glance aloft, and another at the heavens, sufficed to let the experienced master into all the secrets of his present situation. His next step was to jump into the rigging, and to take a look at the sea in the direction of the Lizard. There, to his extreme disappointment, appeared a ship with everything set that would draw, and with a studding-sail flapping, before it could be drawn down, which he knew in an instant to be the eternal Foam. At this spectacle Mr. Truck compressed his lips, and made an inward imprecation, that it would ill comport with our notions of propriety to repeat.

“Turn the hands up and shake out the reefs, sir,” he said coolly to his mate, for it was a standing rule of the captain’s to seem calmest when he was in the greatest rage. “Turn them up, sir, and show every rag that will draw, from the truck to the lower studding-sail boom, and be d—d to them!”

On this hint Mr. Leach bestirred himself,

and the men were quickly on the yards, casting loose gaskets and reef-points. Sail opened after sail, and as the steerage passengers, who could show a force of thirty or forty men, aided with their strength, the Montauk was soon running dead before the wind, under everything that would draw, and with studding-sails on both sides. The mates looked surprised, the seamen cast inquiring glances aft, but Mr. Truck now lighted a cigar.

“Gentlemen,” said the captain, after a few philosophical whiffs, “to go to America with yonder fellow on my weather beam is quite out of the question: he would be up with me, and in possession, before ten o’clock, and my only play is to bring the wind right over the taffrail, where, luckily, we have got it. I think we can bother him at this sport, for your sharp bottoms are not as good as your kettle-bottoms in ploughing a full furrow. As for bearing her canvass, the Montauk will stand it as long as any ship in King William’s navy, before the gale. And on one thing you may rely; I’ll carry you all into Lisbon, be-

fore that tobacco-rover shall carry you back to Portsmouth. This is a category to which I will stick."

This characteristic explanation served to let the passengers understand the real state of the case. No one remonstrated, for all preferred a race to being taken; and even the Englishmen on board began again to take sides with the vessel they were in, and this the more readily, as Captain Truck freely admitted that their cruiser was too much for him on every tack but the one he was about to try. Mr. Sharp hoped that they might now escape,—and as for Sir George Templemore, he generously repeated his offer to pay, out of his own pocket, all the port-charges in any French, Spanish, or Portuguese harbour, the master would enter, rather than see such an outrage done on a foreign vessel in a time of profound peace.

The expedient of Captain Truck proved his judgment and his knowledge of his profession. Within an hour it was apparent that, if there was any essential difference in

the sailing of the two ships under the present circumstances, it was slightly in favour of the Montauk. The Foam now set her ensign for the first time, a signal that she wished to speak the ship in sight. At this Captain Truck chuckled, for he pronounced it a sign she was conscious she could not get them within range of her guns.

“Show him the gridiron,” cried the captain briskly; “it will not do to be beaten in civility by a man who has beaten us already on so many tacks; but keep all fast as a church-door of a week-day.”

This latter comparison was probably owing to the circumstance of the master's having come from a part of the country where all the religion is compressed into the twenty-four hours that commence on a Saturday-night at sunset, and end at sunset the next day: at least, this was his own explanation of the matter. The effect of success was always to make Mr. Truck loquacious, and he now began to tell many excellent anecdotes, of which he had stores, all of events that happened to

him in person, or of which he had been an eye-witness: and on which his hearers, as Sancho said, might so certainly depend as true, that, if they chose, they might safely swear they had seen them themselves.

“ Speaking of churches and doors, Sir George,” he said, between the puffs of the cigar, “ were you ever in Rhode Island ?”

“ Never, as this is my first visit to America, captain.”

“ True ; well, you will be likely to go there, if you go to Boston, as it is the best way ; unless you would prefer to run over Nantucket shoals, and a hundred miles of ditto, as Mr. Dodge calls it.”

“ *Ditter*, captain, if you please—*ditter* : it is the continental word for round-about.”

“ The d——l it is ! it is worth knowing, however. And what may be the French for pea-jacket ?”

“ You mistake me, sir,—*ditter*, a circuit, or the longer way.”

“ That is the road we are now travelling, by George !—I say, Leach, do you happen to



know that we are making a ditter to America?"

"You were speaking of a church, Captain Truck," politely interposed Sir George, who had become rather intimate with his fellow-occupant of the state-room.

"I was travelling through that state, a few years since, on my way from Providence to New London, at a time when a new road had just been opened. It was on a Sunday, and the stage — a four-horse power, you must know — had never yet run through on the Lord's-day. Well, we might be, as it were, off here at right angles to our course, and there was a short turn in the road, as one would say, out yonder. As we hove in sight of the turn, I saw a chap at the mast-head of a tree; down he slid, and away he went right before it, towards a meeting-house two or three cables length down the road. We followed at a smart jog, and just before we got the church abeam, out poured the whole congregation, horse and foot, parson and idlers, sinners and hypocrites, to see the four-horse

power go past. Now this is what I call keeping the church-door open on a Sunday."

We might have hesitated about recording this anecdote of the captain's, had we not received an account of the same occurrence from a quarter that left no doubt that his version of the affair was substantially correct. This and a few similar adventures, some of which he invented, and all of which he swore were literal, enabled the worthy master to keep the quarter-deck in good humour, while the ship was running at the rate of ten knots the hour in a line so far diverging from her true course. But the relief to landsmen is so great, in general, to meet with a fair wind at sea, that few are disposed to quarrel with its consequences. A bright day, a steady ship, the pleasure of motion as they raced with the combing seas, and the interest of the chase, set every one at ease; and even Steadfast Dodge was less devoured with envy, a jealousy of his own deservings, and the desire of management, than usual. Not an introduction occurred, and yet the little world of the ship got to be better

acquainted with each other in the course of that day than would have happened in months of the usual collision on land.

The Montauk continued to gain on her pursuer until the sunset, when Captain Truck began again to cast about him for the chances of the night. He knew that the ship was running into the mouth of the Bay of Biscay, or at least was fast approaching it, and he bethought him of the means of getting to the westward. The night promised to be anything but dark, for though a good many wild-looking clouds were by this time scudding athwart the heavens, the moon diffused a sort of twilight gleam in the air. Waiting patiently, however, until the middle-watch was again called, he reduced sail, and hauled the ship off to a south-west course, hoping by this slight change insensibly to gain an offing before the Foam was aware of it; a scheme that he thought more likely to be successful, as by sheer dint of driving throughout the day, he had actually caused the courses of that vessel to dip before the night shut in.

Even the most vigilant became weary of watching, and Captain Truck was unpleasantly disturbed next morning by an alarm that the Foam was just out of gun-shot, coming up with them fast. On gaining the deck he found the fact indisputably so. Favoured by the change in the course, the cruiser had been gradually gaining on the Montauk ever since the first watch was relieved, and had indeed lessened the distance between the respective ships by two-thirds. No remedy remained but to try the old expedient of getting the wind over the taffrail once more, and of showing all the canvass that could be spread. As like causes are known to produce like effects, the expedient brought about the old results. The packet had the best of it, and the sloop-of-war slowly fell astern. Mr. Truck now declared he would make a "regular business of it," and accordingly he drove his ship in that direction throughout the day, the following night, and until near noon of the day which succeeded, varying his course slightly to suit the wind, which he studiously kept so

near aft as to allow the studding-sails to draw on both sides. At meridian, on the fourth day out, the captain got a good observation, and ascertained that the ship was in the latitude of Oporto, with an offing of less than a degree. At this time the top-gallant sails of the Foam might be discovered from the deck, resembling a boat clinging to the watery horizon. As he had fully made up his mind to run into port in preference to being overhauled, the master had kept so near the land, with intention of profiting by his position, in the event of any change favouring his pursuers, but he now believed that at sunset he should be safe in finally shaping his course for America.

“ There must be double-fortified eyes aboard that fellow to see what we are about at this distance, when the night is once shut in,” he said to Mr. Leach, who seconded all his orders with obedient zeal, “ and we will watch our moment to slip out fairly into the great Prairie, and then we shall discover who best knows the trail ! You’ll be for trotting off to the Prairies, Sir George, as soon as we get in, and

for trying your hand at the buffalo, like all the rest of them. Ten years since, if an Englishman came to look at us, he was afraid of being scalped in Broad-Way, and now he is never satisfied unless he is astraddle of the Rocky Mountains in the first fortnight. I take over lots of cockney hunters every summer, who just get a shot at a grizzly bear or two, or at an antelope, and come back in time for the opening of Drury Lane."

"Should we not be more certain of accomplishing your plans by seeking refuge in Lisbon for a day or two. I confess now I should like to see Lisbon, and as for the port-charges, I would rather pay them twice than that this poor man should be torn from his wife. On this point I hope, Captain Truck, I have made myself sufficiently explicit."

Captain Truck shook the baronet heartily by the hand, as he always did when this offer was renewed, declaring that his feelings did him honour.

"Never fear for Davis," he said. "Old Grab shall not have him this tack, nor the



Foam either. I'll throw him overboard before such a disgrace befall us or him. Well, this leech has driven us from the old road, and nothing now remains but to make the southern passage, unless the wind prevail at south."

The Montauk, in truth, had not much varied from a course that was once greatly in favour with the London ships, Lisbon and New York being really in the same parallel of latitude, and the currents, if properly improved, often favouring the run. It is true, the Montauk had kept closer in with the continent by a long distance than was usual, even for the passage he had named; but the peculiar circumstances of the chase had left no alternative, as the master explained to his listeners.

"It was a coasting voyage, or a tow back to Portsmouth, Sir George," he said, "and of the two I know you like the Montauk too well to wish to be quit of her so soon."

To this the baronet gave a willing assent, protesting that his feelings had got so much enlisted on the side of the vessel he was in,

that he would cheerfully forfeit a thousand pounds rather than be overtaken. The master assured him that was just what he liked, and swore he was the sort of passenger he most delighted in.

“ When a man puts his foot on the deck of a ship, Sir George, he should look upon her as his home, his church, his wife and children, his uncles and aunts, and all the other lumber ashore. This is the sentiment to make seamen. Now, I entertain a greater regard for the shortest ropeyarn aboard this ship, than for the topsail-sheets or best bower of any other vessel. It is like a man’s loving his own finger or toe before another person’s. I have heard it said that one should love his neighbour as well as himself; but for my part I love my ship better than my neighbour’s, or my neighbour himself, and I fancy, if the truth were known, my neighbour pays me back in the same coin ! For my part, I like a thing because it is mine.”

A little before dark the head of the Montauk was inclined towards Lisbon, as if her

intention was to run in, but the moment the dark spot that pointed out the position of the Foam was lost in the haze of the horizon, Captain Truck gave the order to ware, and sail was made to the west-south-west.

Most of the passengers felt an intense curiosity to know the state of things on the following morning, and all of the men were dressed and on deck just as the day began to break. The wind had been fresh and steady all night, and as the ship had been kept with all her yards a little checked, and topmast studding-sails set, the officers reported her to be at least a hundred miles to the westward of the spot where she wore. The reader will imagine the disappointment the latter experienced, then, when they beheld the Foam a little on their weather-quarter, edging away for them as assiduously as she had been hauling up for them the night they sailed from Portsmouth, distant little more than a league !

“ This is indeed extraordinary perseverance,” said Paul Blunt to Eve, at whose side he was standing at the moment the fact was ascertained,

“and I think our captain might do well to heave-to and ascertain its cause.”

“I hope not,” cried his companion with vivacity. “I confess to an *esprit de corps*, and a gallant determination to ‘see it out,’ as Mr. Leach styles his own resolution. One does not like to be followed about the ocean in this manner, unless it be for the interest it gives the voyage. After all, how much better is this than dull solitude, and what a zest it gives to the monotony of the ocean !”

“Do you then find the ocean a scene of monotony ?”

“Such it has oftener appeared to me than anything else, and I give it a fair trial, having never *le mal de mer*. But I acquit it of this sin now ; for the interest of a chase, in reasonably good weather, is quite equal to that of a horse-race, which is a thing I delight in. Even Mr. John Effingham can look radiant under its excitement.”

“And when this is the case he is singularly handsome ; a nobler line of face is seldom seen than that of Mr. John Effingham.”

“He has a noble outline of soul, if he did but know it himself,” returned Eve, warmly : “I love no one as much as he, with the exception of my father, and as Mademoiselle Viefvielle would say, *pour cause*.”

The young man could have listened all day, but Eve smiled, bowed graciously, though with a glistening eye, and hastily left the deck, conscious of having betrayed some of her most cherished feelings to one who had no claim to share them.

Captain Truck, while vexed to his heart's core, or, as he expressed it himself, “struck aback like an old lady shot off a hand-sled in sliding down hill,” was prompt in applying the old remedy to the evil. The Montauk was again put before the wind, sail was made, and the fortunes of the chase were once more cast on the “play of the ship.”

The commander of the Foam certainly deprecated this change, for it was hardly made before he set his ensign, and fired a gun. But of these signals no other notice was taken than to show a flag in return, when the cap-

tain and his mates proceeded to get the bearings of the sloop-of-war. Ten minutes showed they were gaining; twenty did better; and in an hour she was well on the quarter.

Another day of strife succeeded, or rather of dull sailing, for not a rope was started on board the Montauk, the wind still standing fresh and steady. The sloop made many signals, all indicating a desire to speak the Montauk, but Captain Truck declared himself too experienced a navigator to be caught by bunting, and in too great a hurry to stop and chat by the way. "Vattel had laid down no law for such a piece of complaisance in a time of profound peace. I am not in that category."

The result may be anticipated from what has been already related. The two ships kept before the wind until the Foam was again far astern, and the observations of Captain Truck told him, he was as far south as the Azores. In one of these islands he was determined to take refuge, provided he was not favoured by accident, for going farther south was



out of the question, unless absolutely driven to it. Calculating his distance, on the evening of the sixth day out, he found he might reach an anchorage at Pico, before the sloop-of-war could close with him, even allowing the necessity of hauling his ship again upon the wind.

But Providence had ordered differently. Towards midnight, the breeze almost failed and became baffling, and when the day dawned the officer of the watch reported that it was ahead. The pursuing ship, though still in sight, was luckily so far astern and to leeward as to prevent any danger from a visit by boats, and there was leisure to make the preparations that might become necessary on the springing up of a new breeze. Of the speedy occurrence of such a change there was now every symptom, the heavens lightning up at the north-west, a quarter from which the genius of the storms mostly delights in making a display of his power.

## CHAPTER X.

I come with mightier things  
Who calls me silent? I have many tones—  
The dark sky thrills with low mysterious moans,  
Borne on my sweeping winds.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE awaking of the winds on the ocean is frequently attended with signs and portents as sublime as any the fancy can conceive. On the present occasion, the breeze that had prevailed so steadily for a week was succeeded by light baffling puffs, as if, conscious of the mighty powers of the airs that were assembling in their strength, these inferior blasts were hurrying to and fro for a refuge. The clouds, too, were whirling about in uncertain eddies, many of the heaviest and darkest descending so low along the horizon, that they had an appear-

ance of settling on the waters in quest of repose. But the waters themselves were unnaturally agitated, the billows, no longer following each other in long regular waves, were careering upwards like fiery coursers suddenly checked in their mad career. The usual order of the eternally unquiet ocean was lost in a species of chaotic tossings of the element, the seas heaving themselves upward, without order, and frequently without any visible cause. This was the reaction of the currents, and of the influence of breezes still older than the last. Not the least fearful symptom of the hour was the terrific calmness of the air amid such a scene of menacing wildness. Even the ship came into the picture to aid the impression of intense expectation; for with her canvass reduced, she, too, seemed to have lost that instinct which had so lately guided her along the trackless waste, and was "wallowing," nearly helpless, among the confused waters. Still she was a beautiful and a grand object, perhaps the more so at that moment than at any other; for her vast and naked spars, her well-

supported masts, and all the ingenious and complicated hamper of the machine gave her a resemblance to some sinewy and gigantic gladiator pacing the arena, in waiting for the conflict that was at hand.

“This is an extraordinary scene,” said Eve, who clung to her father’s arm, as she gazed around her equally in admiration and in awe; “a dread exhibition of the sublimity of nature !”

“Although accustomed to the sea,” returned Mr. Blunt, “I have witnessed these ominous changes but twice before, and I think this the grandest of them all.”

“Were the others followed by tempests ?” inquired the anxious parent.

“One brought a tremendous gale, while the other passed away like a misfortune of which we get a near view, but are permitted to escape the effects.”

“I do not know that I wish such to be entirely our present fortune,” rejoined Eve, “for there is so much sublimity in this view

of the ocean unaroused, that I feel desirous of seeing it when aroused."

"We are not in the hurricane latitudes, or the hurricane months," resumed the young man, "and it is not probable that there is anything more in reserve for us than a hearty gale of wind, which may, at least, help us to get rid of yonder troublesome follower."

"Even that I do not wish, provided he will let us continue the race on our proper route. A chase across the Atlantic would be something to enjoy at the moment, gentlemen, and something to talk of in after life."

"I wonder if such a thing be possible!" exclaimed Mr. Sharp; "it would indeed be an incident to recount to another generation!"

"There is little probability of our witnessing such an exploit," Mr. Blunt remarked, "for gales of wind on the ocean have the same separating influence on consorts of the sea, that domestic gales have on consorts of the land. Nothing is more difficult than to keep ships and fleets in sight of each other in

very heavy weather, unless, indeed, those of the best qualities are disposed to humour those of the worst."

"I know not which may be called the best, or which the worst, in this instance, for our tormentor appears to be as much better than ourselves in some particulars, as we are better than he in others. If the humouring is to come from our honest captain, it will be some such humouring as the spoiled child gets from a capricious parent in moments of anger."

Mr. Truck passed the group at that instant, and heard his name coupled with the word honest, in the mouth of Eve, though he lost the rest of the sentence.

"Thank you for the compliment, my dear young lady," he said; "and I wish I could persuade Captain Somebody, of his Britannic Majesty's ship Foam, to be of the same way of thinking. It is all because he will not fancy me honest in the article of tobacco that he has got the Montauk down here, on the Spanish coast, where the man who built her would not know her; so unnatural and un-



seemly is it to catch a London liner so far out of her track. I shall have to use double care to get the good craft home again."

"And why this particular difficulty, captain?" Eve, who was amused with Mr. Truck's modes of speech, pleasantly inquired, "Is it not equally easy to go from one part of the ocean as from another?"

"Equally easy! Bless you, my dear young lady, you never made a more capital mistake in your life. Do you imagine it as easy to go from London to New York, now, as to go from New York to London?"

"I am so ignorant as to have made this ridiculous mistake, if mistake it be; nor do I now see why it should be otherwise."

"Simply because it is up-hill, ma'am. As for our position here to the eastward of the Azores, the difficulty is soon explained. By dint of coaxing I had got the good old ship so as to know every inch of the road on the northern passage, and now I shall be obliged to wheedle her along on a new route, like a shy horse getting through a new stable-door. One

might as well think of driving a pig from his sty, as to get a ship out of her track."

"We trust 'to you to do all this and much more at need. But to what will these grand omens lead? Shall we have a gale, or is so much magnificent menacing to be taken as an empty threat of Nature's?"

"That we shall know in the course of the day, Miss Effingham, though Nature is no bully, and seldom threatens in vain. 'There is nothing more curious to study, or which needs a nicer eye to detect, than your winds.'"

"Of the latter I am fully persuaded, captain, for they are called the 'viewless winds,' you will remember, and the greatest authority we possess, speaks of them as being quite beyond the knowledge of man: 'That we may hear the sound of the wind, but cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.'"

"I do not remember the writer you mean, my dear young lady," returned Mr. Truck, quite innocently; "but he was a sensible fellow, for I believe Vattel has never yet dared

to grapple with the winds. There are people who fancy the weather is foretold in the almanack ; but, according to my opinion, it is safer to trust a rheumatis' of two or three years' standing. A good, well-established, old-fashioned rheumatis'—I say nothing of your new-fangled diseases, like the cholera, and varioloid, and animal magnitudes—but a good old-fashioned rheumatis', such as people used to have when I was a boy, is as certain a barometer as that which is at this moment hanging up in the coach-house here, within two fathoms of the very spot where we are standing. I once had a rheumatis' that I set much store by, for it would let me know when to look out for easterly weather, quite as infallibly as any instrument I ever sailed with. I never told you the story of the old Connecticut horse-jockey, and the typhoon, I believe ; and as we are doing nothing but waiting for the weather to make up its mind"—

“The weather to make up its mind !” exclaimed Eve, looking around her in awe at the

sublime and terrific grandeur of the ocean, of the heavens, and of the pent and moody air ; “is there, then, an uncertainty in this?”

“ Lord bless you ! my dear young lady, the weather is often as uncertain, and as undecided, and as hard to please, too, as an old girl who gets sudden offers on the same day, from a widower with ten children, an attorney with one leg, and the parson of the parish. Uncertain, indeed ! Why I have known the weather in this grandiloquent condition for a whole day. Mr. Dodge, there, will tell you it is making up its mind which way it ought to blow, to be popular ; so, as we have nothing better to do, Mr. Effingham, I will tell you the story about my neighbour, the horse-jockey. Hauling yards when there is no wind, is like playing on a Jew’s-harp, at a concert of trombones.”

Mr. Effingham made a complaisant sign of assent, and pressed the arm of the excited Eve for patience.

“ You must know, gentlemen,” the captain commenced, looking round to collect as many

listeners as possible,—for he excessively disliked lecturing to small audiences, when he had anything to say that he thought particularly clever,—“you must know that we had formerly many craft that went between the river and the islands—”

“—The river?” interrupted the amused Mr. Sharp.

“Certain; the Connecticut, I mean; we all call it the river down our way—between the river and the West Indies, with horses, cattle, and other knick-knacks of that description. Among others was old Joe Bunk, who had followed the trade in a high-decked brig for some twenty-three years, he and the brig having grown old in company, like man and wife. About forty years since, our river ladies began to be tired of their bohea, and as there was a good deal said in favour of souchong in those days, an excitement was got up on the subject, as Mr. Dodge calls it, and it was determined to make an experiment in the new quality, before they dipped fairly into the trade. Well, what do you suppose was done

in the premises, as Vattel says, my dear young lady?"

Eve's eyes were still on the grand and portentous aspect of the heavens, but she civilly answered,

"No doubt they sent to a shop and purchased a sample."

"Not they; they knew too much for that, since any rogue of a grocer might cheat them. When the excitement had got a little headway on it, they formed a tea society, with the parson's wife for presidentess, and her oldest daughter for secretary. In this way they went to work, until the men got into the fever too, and a project was set a-foot, to send a craft to China for a sample of what they wanted."

"China!" exclaimed Eve, this time looking the captain fairly in the face.

"China, certain; it lies off hereaway, you know, round on the other side of the earth. Well, whom should they choose to go on the errand but old Joe Bunk. The old man had been so often to the islands and back, without



knowing anything of navigation, they thought he was just their man, as there was no such thing as losing him."

"One would think he was the very man to get lost," observed Mr. Effingham, while the captain fitted a fresh cigar; for smoke he would, and did, in any company, that was out of the cabin, although he always professed a readiness to cease, if any person disliked the fragrance of tobacco.

"Not he, sir; he was just as well off in the Indian Ocean as he would be here, for he knew nothing about either. Well, Joe fitted up the brig; the Seven Dollies was her name; for you must know we had seven ladies in the town, who were called Dolly, and they each of them used to send a colt, or a steer, or some other delicate article to the islands by Joe, whenever he went; so he fitted up the Seven Dollies, hoisted in his dollars, and made sail. The last that was seen, or heard of the old man for eight months, was off Montauk, where he was fallen in with, two days out, steering south-easterly, by compass."

“I should think,” observed John Effingham, who began to arouse himself as the story proceeded, “that Mrs. Bunk must have been very uneasy all this time?”

“Not she; she stuck to the bohea in hopes the souchong would arrive before the restoration of the Jews. Arrive it did, sure enough, at the end of eight months, and a capital adventure it proved for all concerned. Old Joe got a great name in the river for the exploit, though how he got to China no one could say, or how he got back again; or, for a long time, how he got the huge, heavy silver tea-pot he brought with him.”

“A silver tea-pot?”

“Exactly that article. At last the truth came to be known; for it is not an easy matter to hide anything of that nature, down our way; it is aristocratic, as Mr. Dodge says, to keep a secret. At first they tried Joe with all sorts of questions, but he gave them ‘guess’ for ‘guess’. Then people began to talk, and finally it was fairly whispered that the old man had stolen the tea-pot. This brought

him out ; for it went so far as to be got up before the meeting.—Law was out of the question, you will understand, as there was no evidence ; but the meeting don't stick much at particulars, provided people talk a good deal."

"And the result?" asked John Effingham. "I suppose the parish took the tea-pot, and gave Joe the grounds."

"You are as far out of the way as we are here, down on the coast of Spain ! The truth is just this. The Seven Dollies was lying among the rest of them, at anchor, below Canton, with the weather as fine as young girls love to see it in May, when Joe began to get down his yards, to house his masts, and to send out all his spare anchors. He even went so far as to get two hawsers fastened to a junk that was grounded a little a-head of him. This made a talk among the captains of the vessels, and some came on board to ask the reason. Joe told them he was getting ready for the typhoon ; but when they inquired his reasons for believing there was to be a typhoon at all, Joe looked solemn, shook

his head, and said he had reasons enough, but they were his own. Had he been explicit, he would have been laughed at, but the sight of an old grey-headed man, who had been at sea forty years, getting ready in this serious manner, set the others at work too; for ships follow each other's movements, like sheep running through a breach in the fence. Well, that night the typhoon came in earnest, and it blew so hard, that Joe Bunk said he could see the houses in the moon, all the air having blown out of the atmosphere."

"But what has this to do with the tea-pot, Captain Truck?"

"It is the life and soul of it. The captains in port were so delighted with Joe's foreknowledge, that they clubbed, and presented him with this pot as a testimony of their gratitude and esteem. He 'd got to be popular among them, Mr. Dodge, and that was the way they proved it."

"But pray how did he know that the storm was approaching?" asked Eve, whose curiosity had been awakened in spite of herself.

“It could not have been that his ‘foreknowledge’ was supernatural.”

“That no one can say, for Joe was presbyterian-built, as we say, kettle-bottomed, and stowed well. The truth was not discovered until ten years afterwards, when the old fellow got to be a regular cripple, what between rheumatis’, old age, and steaming. One day he had an attack of the first complaint, and in one of its most severe paroxysms, when nature is apt to wince, he roared three times, ‘a typhoon! a typhoon! a typhoon!’ and the murder was out. Sure enough, the next day we had a regular north-easter; but old Joe got no sign of popularity that time. And now, when you get to America, gentlemen and ladies, you will be able to say you have heard the story of Joe Bunk and his tea-pot.”

Thereupon Captain Truck took two or three hearty whiffs of the cigar, turned his face upwards, and permitted the smoke to issue forth in a continued stream until it was exhausted, but still keeping his head raised in the inconvenient position it had taken. The eye of

the master, fastened in this manner on something aloft, was certain to draw all other eyes in the same direction, and in a few seconds all around him were gazing in the same way, though none but himself could tell why.

“Turn up the watch below, Mr. Leach,” Captain Truck at length called out, and Eve observed that he threw away the cigar, although a fresh one; a proof, as she fancied, that he was preparing for duty.

The people were soon at their places, and an effort was made to get the ship's head turned to the southward. Although the frightful stillness of the atmosphere rendered the manœuvre difficult, it succeeded in the end, by profiting by the passing and fitful currents, that resembled so many sighings of the air. The men were then sent on the yards, to furl all the canvass, with the exception of the three topsails and the fore-course, most of it having been merely hauled up to await the result. All those who had ever been at sea before, saw in these preparations proof that Captain Truck expected the change would be



sudden and severe: still, as he betrayed no uneasiness, they hoped his measures were merely those of prudence. Mr. Effingham could not refrain from inquiring, however, if there existed any immediate motives for the preparations that were so actively, though not hurriedly, making.

“This is no affair for the rheumatis’,” returned the facetious master, “for, look you here, my worthy sir, and you, my dear young lady.” This was a sort of parental familiarity the honest Jack fancied he had a right to take with all his unmarried female passengers, in virtue of his office, and of his being a bachelor drawing hard upon sixty; “look you here, my dear young lady, and you, too, ma’amselle, for you can understand the clouds, I take it, if they are not French clouds; do you not see the manner in which those black-looking rascals are putting their heads together? and are plotting something quite in their own way, I ’ll warrant you.”

“The clouds are huddling, and rolling over each other, certainly,” returned Eve, who had

been struck with the wild beauty of their evolutions, "and a noble, though fearful picture they present; but I do not understand the particular meaning of it, if there be any hidden omen in their airy flights."

"No rheumatis' about you, young lady," said the captain, jocularly; "too young, and handsome, and too modern, too, I dare say, for that old-fashioned complaint. But on one category you may rely, and that is, that nothing in nature conspires without an object."

"But I do not think vapour whirling in a current of air is a conspiracy," answered Eve, laughing, "though it may be a category."

"Perhaps not,—who knows, however; for it is as easy to suppose that objects understand each other, as that horses and dogs understand each other. We know nothing about it, and, therefore, it behoves us to say nothing. If mankind conversed only of the things they understood, half the words might be struck out of the dictionaries. But, as I was remarking, those clouds, you can see, are get-

ting together, and are making ready for a start, since here they will not be able to stay much longer."

"And what will compel them to disappear?"

"Do me the favour to turn your eyes here, to the nor'-west. You see an opening there that looks like a crouching lion; is it not so?"

"There is certainly a bright clear streak of sky along the margin of the ocean, that has quite lately made its appearance; does it prove that the wind will blow from that quarter?"

"Quite as much, my dear young lady, as when you open your window it proves that you mean to put your head out of it."

"An act a well-bred young woman very seldom performs," observed Mademoiselle Viefville; "and never in a town."

"No? Well, in our town on the river, the women's heads are half the time out of the windows. But I do not pretend, ma'am-selle, to be expert in proprieties of this sort, though I can venture to say that I am some-

what of a judge of what the winds would be about when they open *their* shutters. This opening to the nor'-west, then, is a sure sign of something coming out of the window, well-bred or not."

"But," added Eve, "the clouds above us, and those farther south, appear to be hurrying towards your bright opening, captain, instead of from it."

"Quite in nature, gentlemen; quite in nature, ladies. When a man has fully made up his mind to retreat, he blusters the most; and one step forward often promises two backward. You often see the stormy petterel sailing at a ship as if he meant to come aboard, but he takes good care to put his helm down before he is fairly in the rigging. So it is with clouds and all other things in nature. Vattel says you may make a show of fight when your necessities require it, but that a neutral cannot fire a gun, unless against pirates. Now these clouds are putting the best face on the matter, but in a few minutes

you will see them wheeling as St. Paul did before them."

"St. Paul, Captain Truck !"

"Yes, my dear young lady ; to the right about."

Eve frowned, for she disliked some of these nautical images, though it was impossible not to smile in secret at the queer associations that so often led the well-meaning master's discursive discourse. His mind was a strange jumble of an early religious education, — religious as to externals and professions, at least, — with subsequent loose observation and much worldly experience, and he drew on his stock of information, according to his own account of the matter, "as Saunders, the steward, cut the butter from the firkins, or as it came first."

His prediction concerning the clouds proved to be true, for half an hour did not pass before they were seen "scampering out of the way of the nor'-wester," to use the captain's figure, "like sheep giving play to the dogs." The horizon brightened with a rapidity al-

most supernatural, and, in a suprisingly short space of time, the whole of that frowning vault that had been shadowed by murky and menacing vapour, sporting its gambols in ominous wildness, was cleared of everything like a cloud, with the exception of a few white, rich, fleecy piles, that were grouped in the north, like a battery discharging its artillery on some devoted field.

The ship betrayed the arrival of the wind by a cracking of the spars, as they settled into their places, and then the huge hull began to push aside the waters, and to come under control. The first shock was far from severe, though, as the captain determined to bring his vessel up as near his course as the direction of the breeze would permit, he soon found he had as much canvass spread as she could bear. Twenty minutes brought him to a single reef, and half an hour to a second.

By this time attention was drawn to the Foam. The old superiority of that cruiser was now apparent again, and calculations were



made concerning the possibility of avoiding her, if they continued to stand on much longer on the present course. The captain had hoped the Montauk would have the advantage from her greater bulk, when the two vessels should be brought down to close-reefed topsails, as he foresaw would be the case; but he was soon compelled to abandon even that hope. Further to the southward he was resolved he would not go, as it would be leading him too far astray, and, at last, he came to the determination to stand towards the islands, which were as near as might be in his track, and to anchor in a neutral roadstead, if too hard pressed.

“ He cannot get up with us before midnight, Leach,” he concluded the conference held with the mate by saying; “ and by that time the gale will be at its height, if we are to have a gale, and then the gentleman will not be desirous of lowering his boats. In the mean time, we shall be driving in towards the Azores, and it will be nothing out of the course of nature, should I find an occasion to play him a trick.

As for offering up the Montauk a sacrifice on the altar of tobacco, as old Deacon Hourglass used to say in his prayers, it is a category to be averted by any catastrophe short of condemnation."

## CHAPTER XI.

I, that shower dewy light  
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest birth  
Of memory, thought, remorse.—Be holy, Earth!

I am the solemn Night!

MRS. HEMANS.

IN this instance, it is not our task to record any of the phenomena of the ocean, but a regular, though fierce gale of wind. One of the first signs of its severity was the disappearance of the passengers from the deck, one shutting himself in his room after another, until none remained visible but John Effingham and Paul Blunt. Both these gentlemen, as it appeared, had made so many passages, and had got to be so familiar with ships, that sea-sickness and alarms were equally impotent

as respects their constitutions and temperaments.

The poor steerage-passengers were no exception, but they stole for refuge into their dens, heartily repentant, for the time being, at having braved the dangers and discomforts of the sea. The gentle wife of Davis would now willingly have returned to meet the resentment of her uncle ; and as for the bridegroom himself, as Mr. Leach, who passed through this scene of abominations to see that all was right, described him,—“ Mr. Grab would not wring him for a dish-cloth, if he could see him in his present pickle.”

Captain Truck chuckled a good deal at this account, for he had much the same sympathy for ordinary cases of sea-sickness, as a kitten feels in the agony of the first mouse it has caught, and which it is its sovereign pleasure to play with, instead of eating.

“ It serves him right, Mr. Leach, for getting married ; and mind you don’t fall into the same abuse of your opportunities,” he said, with an air of self-satisfaction, while

comparing three or four cigars in the palm of his hand, doubtful which of the fragrant plump rolls to put into his mouth. "Getting married, Mr. Blunt, commonly makes a man a fit subject for nausea, and nothing is easier than to set the stomach-pump in motion in one of your bridegrooms; is not this true as the gospel, Mr. John Effingham?"

Mr. John Effingham made no reply,—but the young man who at the moment was admiring his fine form, and the noble outline of his features, was singularly struck with the bitterness, not to say anguish, of the smile with which he bowed a cold assent. All this was lost on Captain Truck, who proceeded *con amore*.

"One of the first things that I ask concerning my passengers is, is he married? when the answer is 'no,' I set him down as a good companion in a gale like this, or as one who can smoke, or crack a joke when a topsail is flying out of a bolt-rope,—a companion for a category. Now, if either of you gentlemen had a wife, she would have you under hatches

to-day, lest you should slip through a scupper-hole,—or be washed overboard with the spray,—or have your eye-brows blown away in such a gale, and then I should lose the honour of your company. Comfort is too precious to be thrown away in matrimony. A man may gain foreknowledge by a wife, but he loses free agency. As for you, Mr. John Effingham, you must have coiled away about half a century of life, and there is not much to fear on your account; but Mr. Blunt is still young enough to be in danger of a mishap. I wish Neptune would come aboard of us, hereaway, and swear you to be true and constant to yourself, young gentleman.”

Paul laughed, coloured slightly, and then rallying, he replied in the same voice.

“At the risk of losing your good opinion, captain; and even in the face of this gale, I shall avow myself an advocate of matrimony.”

“If you will answer me one question, my dear sir, I will tell you whether the case is or is not hopeless.”



“In order to assent to this, you will of course see the necessity of letting me know what the question is.”

“Have you made up your mind who the young woman shall be? If that point is settled, I can only recommend to you some of Joe Bunk’s souchong, and advise you to submit, for there is no resisting one’s fate. The reason your Turks yield so easily to predestination and fate, is the number of their wives. Many a book is written to show the cause of their submitting their necks so easily to the sword and the bow-string. I’ve been in Turkey, gentlemen, and know something of their ways. The reason of their submitting so quietly to be beheaded is, that they are always ready to hang themselves. How is the fact, sir? have you settled upon the young lady in your own mind or not?”

Although there was nothing in all this but the permitted trifling of boon companions on ship-board, Paul Blunt received it with an awkwardness one would hardly have expected in a young man of his knowledge of the world.

He reddened, laughed, made an effort to throw the captain to a greater distance by reserve, and in the end fairly gave up the matter by walking to another part of the deck. Luckily, the attention of the honest master was drawn to the ship, at that instant, and Paul flattered himself he was unperceived; but the shadow of a figure at his elbow startled him, and turning quickly, he found Mr. John Effingham at his side.

“ Her mother was an angel,” said the latter huskily. “ I too love her; but it is as a father.”

“ Sir!—Mr. Effingham!—These are sudden and unexpected remarks, and such as I am not prepared for.”

“ Do you think one as jealous of that fair creature as I, could have overlooked your passion?—She is loved by *both* of you, and she merits the warmest affection of a thousand. Persevere, for while I have no voice, and, I fear, little influence on her decision, some strange sympathy causes me to wish you success. My own man has told me that you

have met before, and with her father's knowledge, and this is all I ask, for my kinsman is discreet. He probably knows you, though I do not."

The face of Paul glowed like fire, and he almost gasped for breath. Pitying his distress, Mr. Effingham smiled kindly, and was about to quit him, when he felt his hand convulsively grasped by those of the young man.

"Do not yet quit me, Mr. Effingham, I entreat you," he said rapidly; "it is so unusual for me to hear words of confidence, or even of kindness, that they are most precious to me! I have permitted myself to be disturbed by the random remarks of that well-meaning, but unreflecting man; but in a moment I shall be more composed—more manly—less unworthy of your attention and pity."

"Pity is a word I should never have thought of applying to the person, character, attainments, or, as I hoped, fortunes of Mr. Blunt; and I sincerely trust that you will acquit me of impertinence. I have felt an interest in you,

young man, that I have long ceased to feel in most of my species, and I trust this will be some apology for the liberty I have taken. Perhaps the suspicion that you were anxious to stand well in the good opinion of my little cousin was at the bottom of it all."

"Indeed, you have not misconceived my anxiety, sir; for who is there that could be indifferent to the good opinion of one so simple and yet so cultivated; with a mind in which nature and knowledge seem to struggle for the possession. One, Mr. Effingham, so little like the cold sophistication and heartlessness of Europe, on the one hand, and the unformed girlishness of America, on the other; one, in short, so every way what the fondest father or the most sensitive brother could wish."

John Effingham smiled, for to smile at any weakness was with him a habit; but his eye glistened. After a moment of doubt, he turned to his young companion, and with a delicacy of expression and a dignity of manner that none could excel him in, when he chose, he put a question that for several days had been

uppermost in his thoughts, though no fitting occasion had ever before offered, on which he thought he might venture.

“ This frank confidence emboldens me,—one who ought to be ashamed to boast of his greater experience, when every day shows me to how little profit it has been turned, to presume to render our acquaintance less formal, by alluding to interests more personal than strangers have a right to touch on. You speak of the two countries just mentioned, in a way to show me you are equally acquainted with both.”

“ I have often crossed the ocean, and, for so young a man, have seen a full share of their societies. Perhaps it increases my interest in your lovely kinswoman, that, like myself, she properly belongs to neither.”

“ Be cautious how you whisper that in her ear, my youthful friend ; for Eve Effingham fancies herself as much American in character as in birth. Single-minded and totally without management,—devoted to her duties,—religious without cant,—a warm friend of

liberal institutions, without the slightest approach to the impracticable, and heart and soul a woman; and you will find it hard to persuade her, that with all her practice in the world, and all her extensive attainments, she is more than a humble copy of her own great *beau ideal*."

Paul smiled, and his eyes met those of John Effingham—the expression of both satisfied the parties that they thought alike in more things than in their common admiration of the subject of their discourse.

"I feel I have not been as explicit as I ought to be with you, Mr. Effingham," the young man resumed, after a pause; "but on a more fitting occasion, I shall presume on your kindness to be less reserved. My lot has thrown me on the world, almost without friends, quite without relatives, so far as intercourse with them is concerned; and I have known little of the language or the acts of the affections."

John Effingham pressed his hand, and from that time he cautiously abstained from any



allusion to his personal concerns ; for a suspicion crossed his mind that the subject was painful to the young man. He knew that thousands of well-educated and frequently of affluent people, of both sexes, were to be found in Europe, to whom, from the circumstance of having being born out of wedlock, through divorces, or other family misfortunes, their private histories were painful, and he at once inferred that some such event, quite probably the first, lay at the bottom of Paul Blunt's peculiar situation. Notwithstanding his warm attachment to Eve, he had too much confidence in her own as well as in her father's judgment, to suppose an acquaintance of any intimacy would be lightly permitted ; and as to the mere prejudices connected with such subjects, he was quite free from them. Perhaps his masculine independence of character caused him, on all such points, to lean to the side of the *ultra* in liberality.

In this short dialogue, with the exception of the slight though unequivocal allusion of John Effingham, both had avoided any farther

allusions to Mr. Sharp, or to his supposed attachment to Eve. Both were confident of its existence, and this perhaps was one reason why neither felt any necessity to advert to it; for it was a delicate subject, and one, under the circumstances, that they would mutually wish to forget in their cooler moments. The conversation then took a more general character, and for several hours that day, while the rest of the passengers were kept below by the state of the weather, these two were together, laying, what perhaps it was now too late to term, the foundations of a generous and sincere friendship. Hitherto Paul had regarded John Effingham with distrust and awe; but he found him a man so different from what report and his own fancy had pictured, that the reaction in his feelings served to heighten them, and to aid in increasing his respect. On the other hand, the young man exhibited so much modest good sense, a fund of information so much beyond his years, such integrity and justice of sentiment, that when they separated for the night, the old bachelor was

full of regret that nature had not made him the parent of such a son.

All this time the business of the ship had gone on. The wind increased steadily, until, as the sun went down, Captain Truck announced it, in the cabin, to be a "regular-built gale of wind." Sail after sail had been reduced or furled, until the Montauk was lying-to under her fore-sail, a close-reefed main-topsail, a fore-top-mast stay-sail, and a mizen stay-sail. Doubts were even entertained whether the second of these sails would not have to be handed soon, and the fore-sail itself reefed.

The ship's head was to the south-south-west, her drift considerable, and her way of course barely sufficient to cause her to feel her helm. The Foam had gained on her several miles during the time sail could be carried; but she, also, had been obliged to heave-to, at the same increase of the sea and wind as that which had forced Mr. Truck to lash his wheel down. This state of things made a considerable change in the relative positions of the two vessels again. The next morning

showing the sloop-of-war hull down, and well on the weather-beam of the packet. Her sharper mould and more weatherly qualities had done her this service, as became a ship intended for war and the chase.

At all this, however, Captain Truck laughed. He could not be boarded in such weather, and it was matter of indifference where his pursuer might be, so long as he had time to escape him, when the gale ceased. On the whole, he was rather glad than otherwise of the present state of things, for it offered a chance to slip away to leeward as soon as the weather would permit, if, indeed, his tormentor did not altogether disappear in the northern board, or to windward.

The hopes and fears of the worthy master, however, were poured principally into the ears of his two mates; for few of the passengers were visible until the afternoon of the second day of the gale; then, indeed, a general relief to their physical suffering occurred, though it was accompanied by apprehensions that scarcely permitted the change to be enjoyed.

About noon, on that day, the wind came with such power, and the seas poured down against the bows of the ship with a violence so tremendous, that it got to be questionable whether she could remain with safety in her present condition any longer. Several times in the course of the morning, the waves had forced her bows off, and before the ship could recover her position, the succeeding billow would break against her broadside, and throw a flood of water on her decks. This is a danger peculiar to lying-to in a gale; for if the vessel get into the trough of the sea, and is met in that situation by a wave of unusual magnitude, she runs the double risk of being thrown on her beam-ends, and of having her decks cleared of everything, by the cataract of water that washes athwart them. Landsmen entertain little notion of the power of the waters, when driven before a tempest, and are often surprised, in reading of naval catastrophes, at the description of the injuries done. But experience shows that boats, hurricane-houses, guns, anchors of enormous weight, bulwarks and planks,



are even swept off into the ocean, in this manner, or are ripped up from their fastenings.

The process of lying-to has a double advantage, so long as it can be maintained, since it offers the strongest portion of the vessel to the shock of the seas, and has the merit of keeping it as near as possible to the desired direction. But it is a middle course, being often adopted as an expedient of safety when a ship cannot scud; and then, again, it is abandoned for scudding when the gale is so intensely severe that it becomes in itself dangerous. In nothing are the high qualities of ships so thoroughly tried as in their manner of behaving, as it is termed, in these moments of difficulty; nor is the seamanship of the accomplished officer so triumphantly established in any other part of his professional knowledge, as when he has had an opportunity of showing that he knows how to dispose of the vast weight his vessel is to carry so as to enable her mould to exhibit its perfection, and on occasion to turn both to the best account.



Nothing will seem easier to a landsman than for a vessel to run before the wind, let the force of the gale be what it may. But his ignorance overlooks most of the difficulties, nor shall we anticipate their dangers, but let them take their places in the regular thread of the narrative.

Long before noon, or the hour mentioned, Captain Truck foresaw that, in consequence of the seas that were constantly coming on board of her, he should be compelled to put his ship before the wind. He delayed the manœuvre to the last moment, however, for what he deemed to be sufficient reasons. The longer he kept the ship lying-to, the less he deviated from his proper course to New York, and the greater was the probability of his escaping, stealthily and without observation from the Foam, since the latter, by maintaining her position better, allowed the Montauk to drift gradually to leeward, and, of course, to a greater distance.

But the crisis would no longer admit of delay. All hands were called; the main-top-

sail was hauled up, not without much difficulty, and then Captain Truck reluctantly gave the order to haul down the mizen-stay-sail, to put the helm hard up, and to help the ship round with the yards. This is at all times a critical change, as has just been mentioned, for the vessel is exposed to the ravages of any sea, larger than common, that may happen to strike her as she lies, nearly motionless, with her broadside to its force. To accomplish it, therefore, Captain Truck went up a few ratlines in the fore-rigging, (he was too nice a calculator to offer even a surface as small as his own body to the wind, in the after shrouds,) whence he looked out to windward for a lull, and a moment when the ocean had fewer billows than common of the larger and more dangerous kind. At the desired instant he signed with his hand, and the wheel was shifted from hard-down to hard-up.

This is always a breathless moment in a ship, for as none can foresee the result, it resembles the entrance of a hostile battery. A dozen men may be swept away in an instant, or the

ship herself hove over on her side. John Effingham and Paul, who of all the passengers were alone on deck, understood the hazards, and they watched the slightest change with the interest of men who had so much at stake. At first, the movement of the ship was sluggish, and such as ill-suited the eagerness of the crew. Then her pitching ceased, and she settled into the enormous trough bodily, or the whole fabric sunk, as it were, never to rise again. So low did she fall, that the fore-sail gave a tremendous flap; one that shook the hull and spars from stem to stern. As she rose on the next surge, happily its foaming crest slid beneath her, and the tall masts rolled heavily to windward. Recovering her equilibrium, the ship started through the brine, and as the succeeding roller came on, she was urging a-head fast. Still, the sea struck her a-beam, forcing her bodily to leeward, and heaving the lower yard-arms into the ocean. Tons of water fell on her decks, with the dull sound of the clod on the coffin. At this grand moment, old Jack Truck, who was standing in the rigging, dripping with the spray, that

had washed over him, with a naked head, and his grey hair glistening, shouted like a Stentor, "Haul in your fore-braces, boys! away with the yard, like a fiddlestick!" Every nerve was strained; the unwilling yards, pressed upon by an almost irresistible column of air, yielded slowly, and as the sail met the gale more perpendicularly, or at right angles to its surface, it dragged the vast hull through the sea with a power equal to that of a steam-engine. Ere another sea could follow, the Montauk was glancing through the ocean at a furious rate, and though offering her quarter to the billows, their force was now so much diminished by her own velocity, as to deprive them of their principal danger.

The motion of the ship immediately became easy, though her situation was still far from being without risk. No longer compelled to buffet the waves, but sliding along in their company, the motion ceased to disturb the systems of the passengers, and ten minutes had not elapsed before most of them were again on deck, seeking the relief of the open air. Among

the others was Eve, leaning on the arm of her father.

It was a terrific scene, though one might now contemplate it without personal inconvenience. The gentlemen gathered around the beautiful and appalled spectatress of this grand sight, anxious to know the effect it might produce on one of her delicate frame and habits. She expressed herself as awed but not alarmed; for the habits of dependance usually leave females less affected by fear, in such cases, than those who, by their sex, are supposed to be responsible.

“Mademoiselle Viefville has promised to follow me,” she said, “and as I have a national claim to be a sailor, you are not to expect hysterics or even ecstasies from me; but reserve yourselves, gentlemen, for the *Parisienne*.”

The *Parisienne*, sure enough, soon came out of the hurricane-house, with elevated hands, and eyes eloquent of admiration, wonder and fear. Her first exclamations were those of terror, and then turning a wistful look on Eve,



she burst into tears. "*Ah, ceci est décisif!*" she exclaimed. "When we part we shall be separated for life."

"Then we will not part at all, my dear mademoiselle; you have only to remain in America, to escape all future inconveniences of the ocean. But forget the danger, and admire the sublimity of this terrific panorama."

Well might Eve thus term the scene. The hazards now to be avoided were those of the ship's broaching-to, and of being pooped. Nothing may seem easier, as has been said, than to "sail before the wind," the words having passed into a proverb; but there are times when even a favouring gale becomes prolific of dangers, that we shall now briefly explain.

The velocity of the water, urged as it is before a tempest, is often as great as that of the ship, and at such moments the rudder is useless, its whole power being derived from its action as a moving body against the element in comparative repose. When ship and water move together, at an equal rate, in the same



direction, of course this power of the helm is neutralized, and then the hull is driven much at the mercy of the winds and waves. Nor is this all; the rapidity of the billows often exceeds that of a ship, and then the action of the rudder becomes momentarily reversed, producing an effect exactly opposite to that which is desired. It is true, this last difficulty is never of more than a few moments' continuance, else indeed would the condition of the mariner be hopeless; but it is of constant occurrence, and so irregular as to defy calculations and defeat caution. In the present instance, the Montauk would seem to fly through the water, so swift was her progress; and then, as a furious surge overtook her in the chase, she settled heavily into the element, like a wounded animal, that, despairing of escape, sinks helplessly in the grass, resigned to fate. At such times the crests of the waves swept past her, like vapour in the atmosphere, and one unpractised would be apt to think the ship stationary, though in truth whirling along in company with a frightful momentum.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the process of scudding requires the nicest attention to the helm, in order that the hull may be brought speedily back to the right direction, when thrown aside by the power of the billows; for, besides losing her way in the cauldron of water—an imminent danger of itself, if left exposed to the attack of the succeeding waves—her decks, at least, would be swept, even should she escape a still more serious calamity.

Pooping is a hazard of another nature, and is also peculiar to the process of scudding. It merely means the ship's being overtaken by the waters while running from them, when the crest of a sea, broken by the resistance, is thrown inboard, over the taffrail or quarter. The term is derived from the name of that particular portion of the ship. In order to avoid this risk, sail is carried on the vessel as long as possible, it being deemed one of the greatest securities of scudding, to force the hull through the water at the greatest attainable rate. In consequence of

these complicated risks, ships that sail the fastest and steer the easiest, scud the best. There is, however, a species of velocity that becomes a source of new danger of itself: thus, exceedingly sharp vessels have been known to force themselves so far into the watery mounds in their front, and to receive so much of the element on deck as never to rise again. This is a fate to which those who attempt to sail the American clipper, without understanding its properties, are peculiarly liable. On account of this risk, however, there was now no cause of apprehension, the full-bowed, kettle-bottomed Montauk being exempt from the danger; though Captain Truck intimated his doubts whether the corvette would like to brave the course he had himself adopted.

In this opinion, the fact would seem to sustain the master of the packet; for when the night shut in, the spars of the Foam were faintly discernible, drawn like spiders' webs on the bright streak of the evening sky. In a few more minutes, even this tracery, which resembled that of a magic-lantern, vanished

from the eyes of those aloft ; for it had no been seen by any on deck for more than an hour.

The magnificent horrors of the scene increased with the darkness. Eve and her companions stood supported by the hurricane-house, watching it for hours, the supernatural-looking light, emitted by the foaming sea, rendering the spectacle one of attractive terror. Even the consciousness of the hazards heightened the pleasure ; for there was a solemn and grand enjoyment mingled with it all, and the first watch had been set an hour before the party had resolution enough to tear themselves from the sublime sight of a raging sea.

## CHAPTER XII.

*Touch.* Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope——

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg  
all on one side.

*As you Like It.*

No one thought of seeking his berth when all the passengers were below. Some conversed in broken, half intelligible dialogues, a few tried unavailingly to read, and more sat looking at each other in silent misgivings, as the gale howled through the cordage and spars, or among the angles and bulwarks of the ship. Eve was seated on a sofa of her own apartment, leaning on the breast of her father, gazing silently through the open doors into the forward cabin ; for all idea of retiring

within oneself, unless it might be to secret prayer, was banished from the mind. Even Mr. Dodge had forgotten the gnawings of envy, his philanthropical and exclusive democracy, and, what was perhaps more convincing still of his passing views of this sublunary world, his profound deference for rank, as betrayed in his strong desire to cultivate an intimacy with Sir George Templemore. As for the baronet himself, he sat by the cabin-table with his face buried in his hands, and once he had been heard to express a regret that he had ever embarked.

Saunders broke the moody stillness of this characteristic party, with preparations for a supper. He took but one end of the table for his cloth, and a single cover showed that Captain Truck was about to dine, a thing he had not yet done that day. The attentive steward had an eye to his commander's tastes; for it is not often one sees a better-garnished board than was spread on this occasion, so far at least as quantity was concerned. Besides the usual solids of ham, corned beef, and roasted



shoat, there were carcasses of ducks, pickled oysters,—a delicacy almost peculiar to America,—and all the minor condiments of olives, anchovies, dates, figs, almonds, raisins, cold potatoes and puddings, displayed in a single course, and arranged on the table solely with regard to the reach of Captain Truck's arm. Although Saunders was not quite without taste, he too well knew the propensities of his superior to neglect any of these important essentials, and great care was had, in particular, so to dispose of everything as to render the whole so many radii diverging from a common centre, which centre was the stationary arm-chair that the master of the packet loved to fill in his hours of ease.

“ You will make many voyages, Mr. Toast,” —the steward affectingly gave his subordinate, or as he was sometimes facetiously called, the steward's mate, reason to understand, when they had retired to the pantry to await the captain's appearance,—“ before you accumulate all the niceties of a gentleman's dinner. Every *plat*,” (Saunders had been in the Havre line,

where he had caught a few words of this nature,) “every *plat* should be within reach of the *convive’s* arm, and particularly if it happen to be Captain Truck, who has a great aversion to delays at his diet. As for the *entremets*, they may be scattered miscellaneously with the salt and the mustard, so that they can come with facility in their proper places.”

“I don’t know what an *entremet* is,” returned the subordinate, “and I exceedingly desire, sir, to receive my orders in such English as a gentleman can diwine.”

“An *entremet*, Mr. Toast, is a mouthful thrown in promiscuously between the reliefs of the solids. Now, suppose a gentleman begins on pig; when he has eaten enough of this, he likes a little brandy and water, or a glass of porter, before he cuts into the beef; and while I’m mixing the first, or starting the cork, he refreshes himself with an *entremet*, such as a wing of a duck, or perhaps a plate of pickled oysters. You must know that there is great odds in passengers; one set eating and jolifying, from the hour we sail till the hour we

get in, while another takes the ocean as it might be sentimentally."

"Sentimentally, sir! I s'pose those be they as uses the basins uncommon?"

"That depends on the weather. I've known a party not eat as much as would set one handsome table in a week, and then, when they convalesced, it was intimidating how they devoured. It makes a great difference, too, whether the passengers acquiesce well together or not, for agreeable feelings give a fine appetite. Lovers make cheap passengers always."

"That is extr'or'nary, for I thought such as they was always hard to please, with everything but one another."

"You never were more mistaken. I've seen a lover who couldn't tell a sweet potato from an onion, or a canvas-back from an old wife. But of all mortals in the way of passengers, the bag-man or go-between is my greatest animosity. These fellows will sit up all night, if the captain consents, and lie abed next day, and do nothing but drink in their berths. Now this time we have a compliable

set, and on the whole, it is quite a condescension and a pleasure to wait on them."

"Well, I think, Mr. Saunders, they isn't alike as much as they might be nother."

"Not more so than wenison and pig. Perfectly correct, sir; for this cabin is a lobskous as regards deportment and character. I set all the Effinghams down as tip-tops, or, A No. 1, as Mr. Leach calls the ship; and then Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt are quite the gentlemen. Nothing is easier, Mr. Toast, than to tell a gentleman; and as you have set up a new profession,—in which I hope, for the credit of the colour, you will be prosperous,—it is well worth your while to know how this is done, especially as you need never expect much from a passenger, that is not a true gentleman, but trouble. There is Mr. John Effingham, in particular. His man says he never anticipates change, and if a coat confines his arm, he repudiates it on the spot."

"Well, it must be a satisfaction to serve such a companion. I think Mr. Dodge, sir, quite a feller."

“Your taste, Toast, is getting to be observable, and by cultivating it, you will soon get to be remarkable for a knowledge of mankind. Mr. Dodge, as you very justly insinuate, is not very refined, or particularly well suited to figure in genteel society.”

“And yet he seems attached to it, Mr. Saunders, for he has purposed to establish five or six societies since we sailed.”

“Werry true, sir ; but then every society is not genteel. When we get back to New York, Toast, I must see and get you into a better set than the one you occupied when we sailed. You will not do yet for our circle, which is altogether conclusive ; but you might be elevated. Mr. Dodge has been electioneering with me, to see if we cannot invent a society among the steerage-passengers for the abstinence of liquors, and another for the perpetration of the morals and religious principles of our forefathers. As for the first, Toast, I told him it was sufficiently indurable to be confined in a hole like the steerage, without being percluded from the consolation of a little

drink ; and as for the last, it appeared to me that such a preposition involved an attack on liberty of conscience."

"There you giv'd him, sir, quite as good as he sent," returned the steward's mate, chuckling, or perhaps sniggering would be a word better suited to his habits of cachinnation, "and I should have been glad to witness his confusion. It seems to me, Mr. Saunders, that Mr. Dodge loves to get up his societies in support of liberty and religion, that he may perdominate over both by his own inventions."

Saunders laid his long yellow finger on the broad flat nose of his mate, with an air of approbation as he replied,

"Toast, you have hit his character as pat as I touch your Roman. He is a man fit to make proselytes among the wulgar and Irish,"—the Hibernian peasant and the American negro are sworn enemies,—"but quite unfit for anything respectable or decent. Were it not for Sir George, I would scarcely descend to clean his state-room."



“What is your sentiments, Mr. Saunders, respecting Sir George?”

“Why, Sir George is a titled gentleman, and of course he is not to be strictured too freely. He has complimented me already with a sovereign, and apprised me of his intention to be more particular when we get in.”

“I feel astonished such a gentleman should neglect to insure a state-room to his own convenience.”

“Sir George has elucidated all that in a conversation we had in his room, soon after our acquaintance commenced. He is going to Canada on public business, and sailed at an hour’s interval. He was too late for a single room, and his own man is to follow with most of his effects by the next ship. Oh! Sir George may be safely put down as respectable and liberalized, though thrown into disparagement perhaps by forty circumstances.”

Mr. Saunders, who had run his vocabulary hard in this conversation, meant to say “fortuitous;” and Toast thought that so many cir-

cumstances might well reduce a better man to a dilemma. After a moment of thought, or what in his orbicular, shining features he fancied passed for thought, he said,—

“ I seem to divine, Mr. Saunders, that the Effinghams do not much intimate Sir George.”

Saunders looked out of the pantry-door to reconnoitre, and finding the same sober quiet reigning as that already described, he opened a drawer, and drew forth a London newspaper.

“ To treat you with the confidence of a gentleman in a situation as respectable and responsible as the one you occupy, Mr. Toast,” he said, “ a little ewent has transpired in my presence yesterday, that I thought sufficiently particular to be designated by retaining this paper. Mr. Sharp and Sir George happened to be in the cabin together, alone, and the first, as it suggested to me, Toast, was desirous of removing some of the haughtier of the last, for you may have observed that there has been no conversation between any of the Effinghams, or Mr. Blunt, or Mr. Sharp, and the baronet; and so to break the ice of his

haughter, as it might be, Sir George says, ‘ Really, Mr. Sharp, the papers have got to be so personally particular, that one cannot run into the country for a mouthful of fresh air that they don’t record it. Now, I thought not a soul knew of my departure for America, and yet here you see they have mentioned it, with more particulars than are agreeable.’ On concluding, Sir George gave Mr. Sharp this paper, and indicated this here paragraph. Mr. Sharp perused it, laid down the paper, and retorted coldly, ‘ It is indeed quite surprising, sir ; but impudence is a general fault of the age.’ And then he left the cabin solus. Sir George was so wexed, he went into his state-room and forgot the paper, which fell to the steward, you know, on a principle laid down in Vattel, Toast.”

Here the two worthies indulged in a smothered merriment of their own at the expense of their commander ; for though a dignified man in general, Mr. Saunders could laugh on occasion, and according to his own opinion of himself, he danced particularly well.

“ Would you like to read the paragraph, Mr. Toast ?”

“ Quite unnecessary, sir ; your account will be perfectly legible and satisfactory.”

By this touch of politeness, Mr. Toast, who knew as much of the art of reading as a monkey commonly knows of mathematics, got rid of the awkwardness of acknowledging the careless manner in which he had trifled with his early opportunities. Luckily, Mr. Saunders, who had been educated as a servant in a gentleman's family, was better off, and as he was vain of all his advantages, he was particularly pleased to have an opportunity of exhibiting them. Turning to the paragraph he read the following lines, in that sort of didactic tone and elaborate style with which gentlemen who commence the graces after thirty are a little apt to make bows.

“ We understand Sir George Templemore, Bart. the member for Boodleigh, is about to visit our American colonies, with a view to make himself intimately acquainted with the merits of the unpleasant questions by which

they are just now agitated, and with the intention of entering into the debates in the house on that interesting subject on his return. We believe that Sir George will sail in the packet of the first from Liverpool, and will return in time to be in his seat after the Easter holidays. His people and effects left town yesterday by the Liverpool coach. During the baronet's absence, his country will be hunted by Sir Gervaise de Brush, though the establishment at Templemore Hall will be kept up."

"How came Sir George here, then?" Mr. Toast very naturally inquired.

"Having been kept too late in London, he was obliged to come this way or to be left. It is sometimes as close work to get the passengers on board, Mr. Toast, as to get the people. I have often admired how gentlemen and ladies love procrastinating, when dishes that ought to be taken hot, are getting to be quite insipid and uneatable."

"Saunders!" cried the hearty voice of Captain Truck, who had taken possession of what

he called his throne in the cabin. All the steward's elegant diction and finish of demeanour vanished at the well-known sound, and thrusting his head out of the pantry-door, he gave the prompt ship-answer to a call,

“ Ay, ay, sir !”

“ Come, none of your dictionary in the pantry there, but show your physiognomy in my presence. What the devil do you think Vattel would say to such a supper as this ?”

“ I think, sir, he would call it a very good supper, for a ship in a hard gale of wind. That's my honest opinion, Captain Truck, and I never deceive any gentleman in a matter of food. I think, Mr. Vattel would approve of that there supper, sir.”

“ Perhaps he might, for he has made blunders as well as another man. Go, mix me a glass of just what I love, when I've not had a drop all day. Gentlemen, will any of you honour me, by sharing in a cut ? This beef is not indigestible, and here is a real Marylander, in the way of a ham. No want of oakum to fill up the chinks with, either.”



But all the gentlemen were too full of the gale to wish to eat ; besides they had not fasted like Captain Truck since morning. But Mr. Monday, the bag-man, as John Effingham had termed him, and who had been often enough at sea to know something of its varieties, consented to take a glass of brandy and water, as a corrective of the Madeira he had been swallowing. The appetite of Captain Truck was little affected by the state of the weather, however ; for though too attentive to his duties to quit the deck until he had ascertained how matters were going on, now that he had fairly made up his mind to eat, he set about it with a heartiness and simplicity that proved his total disregard of appearances, when his hunger was sharp. For some time he was too much occupied to talk, making regular attacks upon the different *plats*, as Mr. Saunders called them, without much regard to the cookery or the material. The only pauses were to drink, and this was always done with a steadiness that never left a drop in the glass. Still Mr. Truck was a

temperate man ; for he never consumed more than his physical wants appeared to require, or his physical energies knew how to dispose of. At length, however, he came to the steward's *entremets*, or he began to stuff what he, himself, had called the "oakum," into the chinks of his dinner.

Mr. Sharp had watched the whole process from the ladies' cabin, as indeed had Eve, and thinking this a favourable occasion to ascertain the state of things on deck, the former came into the main-cabin, commissioned by the latter, to make the inquiry.

"The ladies are desirous of knowing where we are, and what is the state of the gale, Captain Truck," said the gentleman, when he had seated himself near the throne.

"My dear young lady," called out the captain, by way of cutting short the diplomacy of employing ambassadors between them, "I wish in my heart I could persuade you and Mademoiselle Veilthechaise to try a few of these pickled oysters ; they are as delicate as

yourselves, and worthy to be set before a mermaid, if there were any such thing."

"I thank you for the compliment, Captain Truck, and while I ask leave to decline it, I beg leave to refer you to the plenipotentiary Mademoiselle Viefchaise" (Eve would not say herself) "has intrusted with her wishes."

"Thus you perceive, sir," interposed Mr. Sharp again, "you will have to treat with me, by all the principles laid down by Vattel."

"And treat you, too, my good sir. Let me persuade you to try a slice of this anti-abolitionist," laying his knife on the ham, which he still continued to regard himself with a sort of melancholy interest. "No; well, I hold over-persuasion as the next thing to neglect. I am satisfied, sir, after all, as Saunders says, that Vattel himself, unless more unreasonable at his grub than in matters of state, would be a happier man after he had been at this table twenty minutes, than before he sat down."

Mr. Sharp perceiving that it was idle to pursue his inquiry, while the other was in one of his discursive humours, determined to let things take their course, and fell into the captain's own vein.

"If Vattel would approve of the repast, few men ought to repine at their fortune in being so well provided."

"I flatter myself, sir, that I understand a supper, especially in a gale of wind, as well as Mr. Vattel, or any other man could do."

"And yet Vattel was one of the most celebrated cooks of his day."

Captain Truck stared, looked his grave companion steadily in the eye, for he was too much addicted to mystifying, not to distrust others, and picked his teeth with redoubled vigilance.

"Vattel a cook! This is the first I ever heard of it."

"There was a Vattel, in a former age, who stood at the head of his art as a cook; this I

can assure you, on my honour: he may not have been your Vattel, however."

"Sir, there never were two Vattels. This is extraordinary news to me, and I scarcely know how to receive it."

"If you doubt my information, you may ask any of the other passengers. Either of the Mr. Effinghams, or Mr. Blunt, or Miss Effingham, or Mademoiselle Viefville will confirm what I tell you, I think, especially the latter, for he was her countryman."

Hereupon Captain Truck began to stuff in the oakum again, for the calm countenance of Mr. Sharp produced an effect; and as he was pondering on the consequences of his oracle's turning out to be a cook, he thought it not amiss to be eating, as it were, incidentally. After swallowing a dozen olives, six or eight anchovies, as many pickled oysters, and raisins and almonds, as the advertisements say, *à volonté*, he suddenly struck his fist on the table, and announced his intention of putting the question to both the ladies.

“ My dear young lady,” he called out, “ will you do me the honour to say whether you ever heard of a cook of the name of Vattel?”

Eve laughed, and her sweet tones were infectious amid the dull howling of the gale, which was constantly heard in the cabins, like a bass accompaniment, or the distant roar of a cataract among the singing of birds.

“ Certainly, captain,” she answered ; “ Mr. Vattel was not only a cook, but perhaps the most celebrated on record, for sentiment at least, if not for skill.”

“ I make no doubt the man did his work well, let him be set about what he might ; and, mademoiselle, he was a countryman of yours, they tell me ?”

“ *Assurement*, Monsieur Vattel has left more distinguished *souvenirs* than any other cook in France.”

Captain Truck turned quickly to the elated and admiring Saunders, who felt his own glory enhanced by this important discovery, and said



in that short-hand way he had of expressing himself to the chief of the pantry,

“Do you hear that, sir; see and find out what they are, and dress me a dish of these *souvenirs* as soon as we get in. I dare say they are to be had at the Fulton market, and mind while there to look out for some tongues and sounds. I’ve not made half a supper to-night, for the want of them. I dare say these *souvenirs* are capital eating, if Monsieur Vattel thought so highly of them. Pray, *mademoiselle*, is the gentleman dead?”

“Hélas, oui! How could he live with a sword run through his body?”

“Ha! killed in a duel, I declare; died fighting for his principles, if the truth were known! I shall have a double respect for his opinion, for this is the touchstone of a man’s honesty. Mr. Sharp, let us take a glass of Geissenheimer to his memory: we might honour a less worthy man.”

As the captain poured out the liquor, a fall of several tons of water on the deck shook the entire ship, and one of the passengers in the

hurricane-house, opening a door to ascertain the cause, the sound of the hissing waters, and of the roaring winds came fresher and more distinct into the cabins. Mr. Truck cast an eye at the tell-tale over his head to ascertain the course of the ship, and paused just an instant, and then tossed off his wine.

“This hint reminds me of my mission,” Mr. Sharp rejoined. “The ladies desire to know your opinion of the state of the weather?”

“I owe them an answer if it were only in gratitude for the hint about Vattel. Who the devil would have supposed the man ever was a cook! But these Frenchmen are not like the rest of mankind, and half the nation are cooks, or live by food, in some way or other.”

“And very good cooks, too, Monsieur le Capitaine,” said Mademoiselle Vieffville. “Monsieur Vattel died for the honour of his art. He fell on his own sword, because the fish did not arrive in season for the dinner of the king.”

Captain Truck looked more astonished than

ever. Then turning short round to the steward, he shook his head and exclaimed,

“Do you hear that, sir! How often would you have died, if a sword had been run through you every time the fish was forgotten, or too late? Once to a dead certainty, about these very tongues and sounds.”

“But the weather?” interrupted Mr. Sharp.

“The weather, my dear sir; the weather, my dear ladies, is very good weather, with the exception of winds and waves, of which unfortunately there are, just now, more of both than we want. The ship must scud, and as we go like a race-horse, without stopping to take breath, we may see the Canary Islands before the voyage is over. Of danger there is none in this ship, as long as we can keep clear of the land, and in order that this may be done, I will just step into my state-room, and find out exactly where we are.”

On receiving this information, the passengers retired for the night, Captain Truck setting about his task in good earnest. The

result of his calculations showed that they would run to the westward of Madeira, which was all he cared about immediately, intending always to haul up to his course on the first good occasion.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



PS140  
H8.  
1838  
V.





